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ARTURE AND ART

BY JAMES GORDON

NATURE AND ART.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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MRS INCHBALD

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON

Printed by G. G. and J. ROBINSON,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

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17

THE MRS. INCHBOLD.



Deep contemplation of nature's
and her the grandeur of
the world, and the
beauty of the
1792.

NATURE AND ART.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THERE is a word in the vocabulary more bitter, more direful in its import, than all the rest.—Reader, if poverty, if disgrace, if bodily pain, even if slighted love is your unhappy fate, kneel and bless heaven for its beneficent influence, so that you are not tortured with the anguish of—*remorse*.

Deep contrition for past offences had long been the punishment of unhappy Hannah; but till the day she brought

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her

her child into the world, *remorse* had been averted. From that day life became an insupportable load, for all reflection was torture ! To think—merely to think, was to suffer excruciating agony—yet, never before was *thought* so intrusive—it haunted her in every spot, in all societies—sleep was no shelter—she never slept but her racking dreams told her——“ she had slain her infant.”

They presented to her view the naked innocent whom she had longed to press to her bosom while she lifted up her hand against its life—They laid before her the smiling babe whom her eye-balls strained to behold once more, while her feet hurried her away for ever.

Often had Hannah, by the winter's
6 fire,

fire, listened to tales of ghosts—of the unceasing sting of a guilty conscience—often had she shuddered at the recital of murders—often had she wept over the story of the innocent put to death; and stood aghast that the human mind could perpetrate the heinous crime of assassination!

From the tenderest passion the most savage impulse may arise—In the deep recesses of fondness, sometimes is implanted the root of cruelty—and from loving William with unbounded lawless affection, she found herself depraved so as to become the very object, that could most of all excite her own horror!

Sill at delirious intervals, that passion, which like a fatal talisman had en-

chanted her whole soul, held out the delusive prospect that—"William might yet relent"—for though she had for ever discarded the idea of peace, she could not force herself to think, but that again blest with his society she should, at least for the time that he was present, taste the sweet cup of "forgetfulness of the past," for which she so ardently thirsted.

"Should he return to me," she thought in those paroxysms of delusion, "I would to *him* unbosom all my guilt; and as a remote, a kind of innocent accomplice in my crime, his sense, his arguments, ever ready in making light of my sins, might afford a respite to my troubled conscience."

While thus she unwittingly thought, and sometimes watched through the night,

night, starting with convulsed rapture at every sound, because it might possibly be the harbinger of him; *he* was busied in carefully looking over marriage articles, fixing the place of residence with his destined bride, or making love to her in formal process.—Yet, Hannah, vaunt—he sometimes thought on thee—he could not witness the folly, the weakness, the vanity, the selfishness of his future wife, without frequently comparing her with thee. When equivocal words, and prevaricating sentences fell from her lips, he remembered with a sigh thy candour—that open sincerity which dwelt upon thy tongue, and seemed to vie with thy undisguised features, to charm the listener even beyond the spectator. While Miss Sedgely eagerly grasped at all the presents he offered, he could not but call to

mind “that Hannah’s declining hand was always closed, and her looks forbidding, every time he proffered such disrespectful tokens of his love.” He recollected the softness that beamed from Hannah’s eyes, the blush on her face at his approach, while he could never discern one glance of tenderness from the niece of Lord Bendham: and the artificial bloom on her cheeks was nearly as disgusting, as the ill-conducted artifice with which she attempted gentleness and love.

But all these impediments were only observed as trials of his fortitude—his prudence could overcome his aversion, and thus he valued himself upon his manly firmness.

’Twas now, that having rid himself,
by

by Hannah's peevishness, most honourably of all future ties to her; and the day of his marriage with Miss Sedgeley being fixed, that Henry, with the rest of the house, learnt, what, to them, was news.—The first dart of Henry's eye upon William when, in his presence, he was told of it, caused a reddening on the face of the latter: he always fancied Henry saw his thoughts, and he knew that Henry in return would give him *his*. On the present occasion, no sooner were they alone, and Henry began to utter them, than William charged him

“Not to dare to proceed; for that, too long accustomed to trifle, the time was come when serious matters could alone employ his time; and when men of approved sense must take place of friends and confidants like him.”

Henry replied, "The love, the sincerity of friends, I thought, were their best accomplishments; those I possess."

"But you do not possess knowledge."

"If that is knowledge which has of late estranged you from all who bear you a sincere affection; which imprints every day more and more upon your features the marks of gloomy inquietude, am I not happier in my ignorance?"

"Do not torment me with your ineffectual reasoning."

"I called at the cottage of poor Hannah the other day," returned Henry: "Her father and mother were eating their homely meal alone; and when I asked for their daughter, they wept and said—Hannah was not the girl she had been."

William cast his eyes on the floor.

Henry proceeded—"They said a sickness, which they feared would bring her to the grave, had preyed upon her for some time past. They had procured a doctor, but no remedy was found, and they feared the worst."

"What worst?" cried William, (now recovered from the effect of the sudden intelligence, and attempting a smile) "Do they think she will die? And do you think it will be for love? We do not hear of these deaths often, Henry."

"And if *she* die, who will hear of *that*? No one but those interested to conceal the cause: and thus it is, that dying for love becomes a phenomenon."

Henry would have pursued the discourse farther, but William, impatient
on

on all subjects, except where his argument was the better, retired from the controversy, crying out "I know my duty, and want no instructor."

It would be unjust to William to say, he did not feel for Hannah's reported illness—he felt, during that whole evening, and part of the next morning—but business, pleasures, new occupations, and new schemes of future success, crowded to dissipate all unwelcome reflections; and he trusted in her youth, her health, her animal spirits, and above all, in the folly of the gossips' story of *dying for love*, as a surety for her life, and a safeguard for his conscience.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE child of William and Hannah was secreted by Rebecca in her own chamber, a garret, and at some distance from where her sisters slept. There she administered to all its wants, viewed almost with the joy of a mother its health, its promised life; and in a short time found she loved her little gift, better than any thing on earth, except the giver.

Henry called the next day, and the next, and many succeeding times, in hopes of an opportunity to speak alone with Rebecca, to enquire concerning her charge, and consult when, and how,

how, he could privately relieve her from her trust; as he now meant to procure a nurse for wages. In vain he called or lurked around the house—for near five weeks all the conversation he could obtain with her was in the company of her sisters, who beginning to observe his preference, his marked attention to her, indulged their envy and resentment at the contempt shown to their charms, by watching her steps when he was away, and her every look and whisper while he was present.

For five weeks, then, he was continually thwarted in his expectation of meeting her alone; and at the end of that period, the whole design he had to accomplish by such a meeting, was rendered abortive.

Though

Though Rebecca had every day and night with strictest caution locked her bed-chamber door, and covered the crevices, and every aperture of her room through which sound might more easily proceed; though she had surrounded the infant's head with pillows to obstruct all noise from his crying, yet one unlucky night, the strength of his voice encreasing with his age, he was heard by the maid who slept in the opposite garret.

Not meaning to injure her young mistress, the servant next morning simply related to the family what sounds had struck her ear during the night; but from what part of the house they came, she would not undertake directly to say. —At first she was ridiculed “for supposing herself awake when in reality she

she must be dreaming." But steadfastly persisting in what she had said, and Rebecca's confusion giving much colour to the improbable tale, her chamber was searched by her sisters, the infant discovered, and brought down to their father.

That account which Henry had given Rebecca "of his having found the child," and which her own sincerity, joined to the faith she had in his word, made her receive as truth; she now felt would be heard by the present auditors with contempt, even with indignation, as a falsehood.—Her affright is better to be conceived than described.

Dragged by her sisters along with the child before the curate, his crimsoned face, knit brow, and thundering voice, struck

struck with terror her very soul—Innocence is not always a protection against fear—sometimes less bold than guilt.

In her father and sisters, she saw, she knew the suspicious, partial, cruel, boisterous natures by whom she was to be judged ; and timid, gentle, oppressed ; she fell trembling on her knees, and could only articulate

“ Forgive me.”

The curate would not listen to this supplication till she had replied to his question—“ Whose child is this ?”

She replied “ I do not know.”

Questioned louder, and with more violence still, “ How the child came there, and whose it was ?” She felt the improbability of the truth still more forcibly than before, and dreaded some immediate peril from her father’s rage, should

should she dare to relate an apparent lie—she paused to think upon a more probable tale than the real one—and as she hesitated, shook in every limb—while her father exclaimed—

“ I understand the cause of this terror!—From your infancy I have predicted that some fatal catastrophe would befall you—I never loved you like my other children—I never had the cause—you were always unlike the rest—and I knew your fate would be calamitous—but the very worst of my forebodings did not come to this—so young, so guilty, and so artful!—tell me this instant, are you married?”

Rebecca answered, “ No.”

The sisters lifted up their hands!

The father continued—“ Vile prostitute, I thought as much.—Still I will know the father of this child.”

She

She cast up her eyes to heaven, and firmly vowed she “did not know herself—nor who the mother was.”

“This is not to be borne!” exclaimed the curate in fury. “Persist in this, and you never see my face again. Both your child and you I’ll turn out of my house instantly, unless you confess your crime, and own the father.”

Curious to know this secret, the sisters went up to Rebecca with seeming kindness, and—“Conjured her to spare her father still greater grief, and her own and her child’s public infamy, by acknowledging herself its mother; and naming the man who had seduced her.”

Emboldened by this insult from her own sex, Rebecca now began to declare the simple truth.—But no sooner had she said that—“The child was the gift of a young man who had found

it——” than her sisters burst into laughter, and her father into fresh fits of rage.

Once more the women offered their advice——“To confess and be forgiven.”

Once more the father raved.

Beguiled by sollicitations, and terrified by threats, she at length felt inclined to take the mother's share of the infant, but was at a loss to whom to give the father's. She thought that Henry had entailed on himself the best right to the charge ; but she loved him, and could not bear the idea of accusing him falsely.

While, with agitation in the extreme, she thus deliberated, the proposition again was put

“ Whether she would trust to the mercy of her father by confessing, or draw down his immediate vengeance by denying her guilt ? ”

*

She

She made choice of the former—and with tears and sobs “Owned herself the mother of the boy.”

But still—“Who is the father?”

Again she shrunk from the question, and fervently implored—“To be spared on that point.”

Her petition was rejected with vehemence; and the curate’s rage encreased till she acknowledged

“Henry was the father.”

“I thought so.” Exclaimed all her sisters at the same time.

“Villain!” cried the curate. “The dean shall know, before this hour is expired, the baseness of the nephew whom he supports upon charity: he shall know the misery, the grief, the shame he has brought on me, and know how unworthy he is of his protection.”

“Oh! have mercy on him!” cried Rebecca as she still knelt to her father: “Do not ruin him with his uncle, for he is the best of creatures.”

“Ay, ay, we always saw how much she loved him.” Cried her sisters.

“Wicked, undone girl!” said the clergyman (his rage now subsiding, and tears supplying its place) “you have drawn a curse upon us all—your sisters’ reputation will be stamp’d with the colour of yours—my good name will suffer—but that is trivial—your soul is lost to virtue, to religion, to shame——”

“No, *indeed* ;” cried Rebecca, “if you will but believe me.”

“Do not I believe you? Have not you confessed?”

“You would not pretend to unsay what you have said:” cried her eldest sister, “that would be making things worse.”

“Go,

“Go, go out of my sight!” said her father. “Take your child with you to your chamber, and never let me see either of you again.—I do not turn you out of my doors to-day, because I gave you my word I would not if you revealed your shame—but by to-morrow I will provide some place for your reception, where neither I, nor any of your relations, shall ever see or hear of you more.”

Rebecca made an effort to cling around her father, and once more to declare her innocence: but her sisters interposed, and she was taken, with her reputed son, to the chamber where the curate had sentenced her to remain, till she quitted his house for ever.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE curate, in the disorder of his mind, scarce felt the ground he trod as he hasted to the dean's to complain of his wrongs. His name procured him immediate admittance into the library—and the moment the dean appeared, the curate burst into tears.—The cause being required of such “very singular marks of grief,” Mr. Rymer described himself, “as having been a few months ago the happiest of parents, but that his peace and that of his whole family had been destroyed by Mr. Henry Norwynne, the dean's nephew.”

He now entered into a minute recital of Henry's frequent visits there,
and

and of all that had occurred in his house that morning, from the suspicion that a child was concealed under his roof, to the confession made by his youngest daughter of her fall from virtue, and of her betrayer's name.

The dean was astonished, shocked, and roused to anger: he vented reproaches and menaces on his nephew; and, "blessing himself in a virtuous son, whose wisdom and counsel were his only solace in every care," sent for William to communicate with him on the unhappy subject.

William came, all obedience, and heard with marks of amazement and indignation the account of such black villany! In perfect sympathy with Mr. Rymer and his father, he allowed no "punishment could be too great for

the seducer of innocence; the selfish invader of a whole family's repose."

Nor did William here speak what he did not think—he merely forgot his own conduct; or if he did recal it to his mind, it was with some fair interpretation in his own behalf; such as self-love ever supplies to those, who wish to cheat their conscience.

Young Henry being sent for to appear before this triumvirate, he came with a light step and a cheerful face. But, on the charge against him being exhibited, his countenance changed—yet, only to the expression of surprise! He boldly asserted his innocence, plainly told the real fact; and with a deportment so perfectly unembarrassed, that nothing but the asseverations of the curate, "that his daughter had
confessed

confessed the whole," could have rendered the story Henry told suspected; although some of the incidents he related were of no common kind. But Mr. Rymer's charge was an objection to his veracity, too potent to be overcome; and the dean exclaimed, in rage—

"We want not your avowal of your guilt—the mother's evidence is testimony sufficient."

"The virtuous Rebecca is not a mother." Said Henry, with firmness.

William here, like Rebecca's sisters, took Henry aside, and warned him not to "Add to his offence by denying what was proved against him."

But Henry's spirit was too manly, his affection too sincere, not to vindicate the chastity of her he loved, even at his own peril. He again and again protested "she was virtuous."

"Let

“Let her instantly be sent for,” said the dean, “and this madman confronted with her.” Then adding, that as he wished every thing might be conducted with secrecy, he would not employ his clerk on the unhappy occasion; he desired William to draw up the form of an oath, which he would administer as soon as she arrived.

A man and horse were immediately dispatched to bring Rebecca; William drew up an affidavit as his father had directed him—in *Rebecca's name, solemnly protesting she was a mother, and Henry, the father of her child*—and now, the dean, suppressing till she came the warmth of his anger, spoke thus calmly to Henry: “Even supposing that your improbable tale of having found this child, and all your declarations in respect to it

it were true, still you would be greatly criminal: what plea can you make for not having immediately revealed the circumstance to me or some other proper person, that the real mother might be detected and punished for her design of murder?"

"In that perhaps I was to blame:" returned Henry: "but whoever the mother was, I pitied her."

"Compassion on such an occasion was ill placed." Said the dean.

"Was I wrong, Sir, to pity the child?"

"No."

"Then how could I feel for *that*, and yet divest myself of all feeling for its mother?"

"Its mother!" (exclaimed William, in anger) "She ought to have been immediately

mediately pursued, apprehended, and committed to prison."

"It struck me, cousin William," replied Henry, "that the father was most deserving a prison: the poor woman had abandoned only *one*—the man, in all likelihood, had forsaken *two*."

William was pouring execrations "on the villain, if such there could be," when Rebecca was announced.

Her eyes were half-closed with weeping; deep confusion overspread her face; and her tottering limbs could hardly support her to the awful chamber where the dean, her father, and William sat in judgment, whilst her beloved Henry stood arraigned as a culprit, by her false evidence.

Upon her entrance, her father first addressed her, and said in a stern, threatening,
I

ing, yet feeling tone, "Unhappy girl, answer me before all present—Have you, or have you not, owned yourself a mother?"

She replied, stealing a fearful look at Henry,—“I have.”

“And have you not,” asked the dean, “owned that Henry Norwynne is the father of your child?”

She seemed as if she wished to expostulate——

The curate raised his voice—“Have you, or have you not?”

“I have.” she faintly replied.

“Then here,” cried the dean to William, “read that paper to her, and take the Bible.”

William read the paper, which in her name declared a momentous falsehood: he then held the book in form, while she looked like one distracted—wrung her hands,

hands, and was near sinking to the earth.

At the moment the book was lifted up to her lips to kiss, Henry rushed to her—"Stop," he cried, "Rebecca; do not hurt your future peace; do not be terrified into the commission of a crime which hereafter will distract your delicate conscience. My confession will be a testimony equal to your oath—will render it needless—and here I acknowledge that all you have asserted is truth."

"Surprising audacity!—Complicated villany!" exclaimed the dean—then added, "Henry Norwynne, your first guilt is so enormous; your second, in steadfastly denying it, so base; this last conduct so unaccountable! That from the present hour you must never dare to call me relation, or to consider my house as your home."

William,

William, in unison with his father, exclaimed, "Indeed, Henry, your actions merit this punishment."

Henry answered with firmness, "Inflict what punishment you please."

"With the dean's permission then," (said the curate) "you must marry my daughter."

Henry started—"Marry her! Marry Rebecca! Do you pronounce that as a punishment? It would be the greatest blessing providence could bestow.—But how are we to live? My uncle is too much offended ever to be my friend again; and in this country, people of a certain class are so educated they cannot exist without the assistance, or what is called the patronage, of others; when that is withheld they steal or starve. Heaven protect Rebecca from such misfortune!—Sir, (to the curate) do you but consent

consent to support her a year or two longer, and in that time I will learn some occupation that shall raise me to the eminence of maintaining both her and myself without one obligation, or one inconvenience to another."

Rebecca exclaimed, "Oh! you have saved me from such a weight of sin, that my future life would be too happy passed as your slave."

"No, my dear Rebecca, return to your father's house, return to slavery but for a few years more, and the rest of your life I will make free."

"And can you forgive me?"

"I can love you; and in that is comprised every thing that is kind."

The curate, who, bating a few passions and a few prejudices, was a man of some worth and feeling, had felt, in
the

the midst of her distress, though the result of crimes, that he loved this neglected daughter better than he had before conceived; and he now agreed “to take her home for a time, provided she were relieved from the child, and the matter so hushed up, that it might draw no imputation upon the characters of his other daughters.

The dean did not degrade his consequence by consultations of this nature; but, having penetrated (as he imagined) into the very bottom of this intricate story, and issued his mandate against Henry—as a mark that he took no farther concern in the matter, he proudly walked out of the room without uttering another word.

William as proudly, and as silently followed.

The curate was inclined to adopt the

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manners

manners of such great examples—but, self-interest, some affection to Rebecca, and concern for the character of his family, made him wish to talk a little more with Henry; who now repeated what he had said respecting his marriage with Rebecca, and promised “to come the very next day in secret, and deliver her from the care of the infant, and the suspicion that would attend her nursing it.”

“But above all,” said the curate, “procure your uncle’s pardon; for without that, without his protection, or the protection of some other rich man; to marry, to obey God’s ordinance, *increase and multiply*, is to want food for yourself and your offspring.”

CHAPTER XXIX.

“THOUGH this unfortunate occurrence in the curate’s family was, according to his own phrase, “to be hushed up,” yet certain persons of his, of the dean’s, and of Lord Bendham’s house, immediately heard and talked of it. Among these, Lady Benham was most of all shocked and offended; she “never could bear to hear Mr. Rymer either pray or preach again—he had not conducted himself with proper dignity either as a clergyman or a father—he should have imitated the dean’s example in respect to Henry, and have turned his daughter out of doors.”

Lord Bendham was less severe on the seduced, but had no mercy on the seducer—"a vicious youth, without one accomplishment to endear vice"—For vice Lord Bendham thought (with some philosophers) might be most exquisitely pleasing, in a pleasing garb. "But this youth sinned without elegance, without one particle of wit, or an atom of good breeding."

Lady Clementina would not permit the subject to be mentioned a second time in her hearing—extreme delicacy in woman she knew was bewitching ; and the delicacy she displayed on this occasion went so far that she "could not even intercede with the dean to forgive his nephew, because the topic was too gross for her lips to name even in the ear of her husband.

Miss

Miss Sedgeley, though on the very eve of her bridal day with William, felt so tender a regard for Henry, that often she thought "Rebecca happier in disgrace and poverty, blest with the love of him, than she was likely to be in the possession of friends and fortune with his cousin."

Had Henry been of a nature to suspect others of evil, or had he felt a confidence in his own worth, such a passion as this young woman's would soon have disclosed its existence: but he, regardless of any attractions of Miss Sedgeley, equally supposed he had none in her eyes; and thus, fortunately for the peace of all parties, this prepossession ever remained a secret except to herself.

So little did William conceive that

C 3

his

his clownish cousin could rival him in the affections of a woman of fashion, that he even slightly solicited his father “that Henry might not be banished from the house, at least till after the following day, when the great festival of his marriage was to be celebrated.”

But the dean refused; and reminded his son, “That he was bound both by his moral and religious character, in the eyes of God, and still more, in the eyes of men, to shew lasting repentment of iniquity like his.”

William acquiesced, and immediately delivered to his cousin the dean’s “wishes for his amendment,” and a letter of recommendation procured from Lord Bendham, to introduce him on board a man of war; where, he was told, “he might hope to meet with
preferment

preferment according to his merit as a sailor and a gentleman."

Henry pressed William's hand on parting—wished him happy in his marriage—and supplicated, as the only favour he would implore, an interview with his uncle—to thank him for all his former kindness, and see him for the last time.

William repeated this petition to his father, but with so little energy, that the dean did not grant it. He felt himself compelled to resent that reprobate character in which Henry had appeared; and he feared—"left the remembrance of his last parting from his brother might, on taking a formal leave of that brother's son, reduce him to some tokens of weakness, that would ill-become his dignity and just displeasure."

He sent him his blessing, with money to convey him to his ship—and Henry quitted his uncle's house in a flood of tears, to seek first a new protectress for his little foundling, and then to seek his fortune.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE wedding day of Mr. William Norwynne with Miss Caroline Sedgeley arrived—and on that day, the bells of every parish furrounding that in which they lived, joined with their own, in celebration of the blisful union. Flowers were strewed before the new-married pair, and favours and ale made many a heart more gladfome, than that of either bridegroom or bride.

Upon this day of ringing and rejoicing, the bells were not muffled, nor was conversation on the subject withheld from the ear of Hannah! She heard like her neighbours; and sitting
on

on the side of her bed in her little chamber, suffered, under the cottage roof, as much affliction as ever visited a palace.

Tyrants, who have embrued their hands in the blood of myriads of their fellow creatures, can call their murders “religion, justice, attention to the good of mankind”—poor Hannah knew no sophistry to calm *her* conscience—she felt herself a harlot and a murderer—a flighted, a deserted wretch, bereft of all she loved in this world, all she could hope for in the next.

She complained bitterly of illness, nor could the entreaties of her father and mother prevail on her to share in the sports of this general holiday.—As none of her humble visitors suspected the
cause

cause of her more than ordinary indisposition, they endeavoured to divert it with an account of every thing they had seen at church—"What the bride wore, how joyful the bridegroom looked:" and all the little signs of that complete happiness, which they conceived was for certain tasted.

Hannah, who, before this event, had at moments suppressed the agonising sting of guilt, in the faint prospect of her lover one day restored; on this memorable occasion lost every glimpse of hope, and was weighed to the earth with an accumulation of despair.

Where is the degree in which the sinner stops? Unhappy Hannah! the first time you permitted indecorous familiarity from a man who made you no promise;

promise, who gave you no hope of becoming his wife, who profest nothing beyond those fervent, though slender, affections which attach the rake to the wanton—the first time you interpreted his kind looks and ardent prayers, into tendernefs and constancy—the first time you descended from the character of purity, you rushed imperceptibly on the blackest crimes.—The more sincerely you loved, the more you plunged in danger—from one ungoverned passion proceeded a second and a third. In the fervency of affection, you yielded up your virtue!—In the excess of fear, you stained your conscience, by the intended murder of your child!—and now, in the violence of grief, you meditate—what?—to put an end to your existence by your own hand!

After

After casting her thoughts around, anxious to find some little bud of comfort on which to fix her longing eye; she beheld, in the total loss of William, nothing but a wide waste, an extensive plain of anguish.—“How am I to be sustained through this dreary journey of life?” she exclaimed.—Upon this question she felt more poignantly than ever, her loss of innocence—innocence would have been her support—but, in place of this best prop to the afflicted, guilt flashed on her memory every time she flew for aid to reflection.

At length, from horrible rumination, a momentary alleviation came—“But one more step in wickedness,” she triumphantly said, “and all my shame, all my sufferings are over.” She congratulated herself upon the lucky thought—when,

—when, but an instant after, the tears trickled down her face for the sorrow her death, her sinful death, would bring to her poor, and beloved parents.—She then thought upon the probability of a sigh it might draw from William; and the pride, the pleasure of that little tribute, counterpoised every struggle on the side of life.

As she saw the sun decline, “When you rise again,” she thought, “when you peep bright to-morrow morning into this little room to call me up, I shall not be here to open my eyes upon a hateful day—I shall no more regret that you have waked me!—I shall be found asleep, never to wake again in this wretched world—not even the voice of William would then awake me.

While

While she found herself resolved, and evening just come on, she hurried out of the house, and hastened to the fatal wood ; the scene of her dishonour—the scene of meditated murder—and now, the intended scene of suicide.

As she walked along between the close-set trees, she saw at a little distance, the spot where William first made love to her ; and where, at every appointment, he used to wait her coming. She darted her eye away from this place with horror—but, after a few moments of emotion, she walked slowly up to it—shed tears, and pressed with her trembling lips that tree, against which he was accustomed to lean while he talked to her.—She felt an inclination to make this the spot to die in—but her preconceived, and the less frightful death, of throwing herself into a
pool

pool on the other side of the wood, induced her to go onwards.

Presently, she came near the place where her child, and William's, was exposed to perish.—Here, she started with a sense of the most atrocious guilt; and her whole frame shook with the dread of an approaching, an omnipotent judge to sentence her for murder.

She halted, appalled! Aghast! Undetermined whether to exist longer beneath the pressure of a criminal conscience, or die that very hour and meet her final condemnation.

She proceeded a few steps farther, and beheld the very ivy-bush close to which her infant lay, when she left him exposed—and now, from this minute recollection, all the mother rising
* in

in her soul, she saw, as it were, her babe again in its deserted state; and, bursting into tears of bitterest contrition and compassion, she cried

“As I was merciless to *thee*, my child, thy father has been pitiless to *me*! As I abandoned *thee* to die with cold and hunger, he has forsaken, and has driven *me* to die by self-murder.”

She now fixed her eager eyes on the distant pond, and walked more nimbly than before, to rid herself of her agonising sense!

Just as she had nearly reached the wished-for brink, she heard a footstep, and saw, by the glimmering of a clouded moon, a man approaching.—She turned out of her path for fear her intentions should be guessed at, and thwarted; but still as she walked another way, her eye was wishfully bent towards the

water that was to obliterate her love and her remorse—obliterate for ever, William and his child.

It was now, that Henry—who, to prevent scandal, had stolen at that still hour of night to rid the curate of the incumbrance so irksome to him, and take the foundling to a woman whom he had hired for the charge—it was now that Henry came up, with the child of Hannah in his arms, carefully covered all over from the night's dew.

“Hannah, is it you?” (cried Henry, at a little distance) “Where are you going thus late?”

“Home, Sir.” Said she, and rushed among the trees.

“Stop, Hannah,” he cried, “I want to bid you farewell—to-morrow I am going to leave this part of the country for

for a long time—So God blefs you, Hannah!” Saying this, he stretched out his arm to fhake her by the hand.

Her poor heart trusting that his bleffing, for want of more potent offerings, might perhaps, at this tremendous crisis, afcend to heaven in her behalf: ſhe ſtopt, returned, and put out her hand to take his.

“ Softly,” ſaid he, “ don’t wake my child—this ſpot has been a place of danger for him—for underneath this very ivy-buſh it was that I found him.”

“ Found what?” Cried Hannah, with a voice elevated to a tremulous ſcream.

“ I will not tell you,” replied Henry, “ for no one I have ever yet told of it, would believe me.”

“ I will believe you. I will believe
D 2 you.”

you." She repeated with tones yet more impressive.

"Why then," said Henry, "only five weeks ago ——"

"Ah!" shrieked Hannah.

"What do you mean?" Said Henry.

"Go on." She articulated, in the same voice.

"Why then, as I was passing this very place, I wish I may never speak truth again, if I did not find" — here he pulled aside the warm rug in which the infant was wrapt — "this beautiful child."

"With a cord? ——"

"A cord was round its neck."

"'Tis mine—the child is mine—'tis mine—my child—I am the mother and the murderer—I fixed the cord, while the ground shook under me—while
6 flashes

flashes of fire darted before my eyes!—while my heart was bursting with despair and horror.—But I stooped short—I did not draw the noose—I had a moment of strength, and I ran away. I left him living—he is living now—escaped from my hands—and I am no longer ashamed, but overcome with joy that he is mine! I bless you, my dear, my dear, for saving his life—for giving him to me again—for preserving my life, as well as my child's."

Here she took her infant, pressed it to her lips and to her bosom; then bent to the ground, clasped Henry's knees, and wept upon his feet.

He could not for a moment doubt the truth of what she said—her powerful, yet broken accents, her convulsive starts, even more than her declaration, convinced him.

She now rose from the earth in haste, and stealing quick on one side, postponed farther gratitude to Henry, for the performance of the most endearing office of a mother. The child greedily received from her bosom the food till then untasted—and on this, feeling more exquisitely the tender, the proud prerogative of a maternal parent, she uttered with sighs of transport

“Now I am as rich, as happy as your father—as blest as his bride!—for I experience the joy of a conscience relieved from a deadly weight—and I have something to love—something on which to pour that fund of affection which he rejects.”

“Good heaven!” cried Henry, “and this is my cousin William’s child!”

“But your cousin does not know it.” Said she. “I never told him—he was
not

not kind enough to embolden me—
therefore do not blame *him* for *my* sin
—he did not know of my wicked de-
signs—he did not encourage me ——”

“ But he forsook you, Hannah.”

“ He never said he would not. He
always told me he could not marry me.”

“ Did he tell you so at his first pri-
vate meeting?”

“ No.”

“ Nor at the second?”

“ No, nor yet at the third.”

“ When was it he told you so?”

“ I forget the exact time—but I re-
member it was on that very evening
when I confessed to him ——”

“ What?”

“ That he had won my heart.”

“ Why did you confess it?”

“ Because he asked me, and said it

D 4 would

would make him happy if I would say so."

"Cruel! dishonourable!"

"Nay, do not blame him—he cannot help *not* loving me, no more than I can help, *loving* him."

Henry rubbed his eyes.

"Bless me, you weep!—I always heard that you were brought up in a savage country; but I suppose it is a mistake; it was your cousin William."

"Will not you apply to him for the support of your child?" Asked Henry.

"If I thought he would not be angry."

"Angry!—I will write to him on the subject, if you will give me leave."

"But do not say it is by my desire. Do not say I wish to trouble him—I would

would sooner beg, than be a trouble to him."

"Why are you so delicate?"

"It is for my own sake—I wish him not to hate me."

"Then, thus you may secure his respect—I will write to him, and let him know all the circumstances of your case; I will plead for his compassion on his child, but assure him that no conduct of his will ever induce you to declare (except only to me, who knew of your previous acquaintance) who is the father."

To this Hannah consented: but when Henry offered to take from her the infant and carry him to the nurse he had engaged; to this she would not consent.

"Do you mean then to acknowledge him yours?" Henry asked.

"Nothing shall force me to part from him.

him. I will keep him, and let my neighbours judge of me as they please."

Here Henry caught at a hope he feared to name before. "You will then have no objection," said he, "to clear an unhappy girl to a few friends with whom her character has suffered by becoming, at my request, his nurse?"

"Most gladly. I will clear any one so that I do not accuse the father."

"You give me leave, then, in your name, to tell the whole story to some particular friends, my cousin William's part in it alone excepted?"

"I do."

"Henry now cried "God bless you!" with greater fervour than when he spoke it before—and he hoped the night was nearly gone, that the time might be so much the shorter before Rebecca should be reinstated in the
esteem

esteem of her father, and of all those who had misjudged her.

“God blefs *you*!” said Hannah still more fervently, as she walked with unguided steps towards her home; for her eyes never wandered from the precious object that caused her unexpected return.

CHAPTER XXXI.

HENRY rose early in the morning and flew to the curate's house, with more than even his usual thirst of justice, to clear injured innocence, to redeem from shame, her whom he loved. With eager haste he told—that he had found the mother, whose fall from virtue Rebecca, overcome by confusion and threats, had taken on herself.

Rebecca rejoiced—but her sisters shook their heads—and even the father seemed to doubt.

Confident in the truth of his story, Henry persisted so boldly in his affirmations, that if Mr. Rymer did not entirely believe what he said, he secretly hoped

hoped the dean and other people might; therefore he began to imagine, he could possibly shake from *his* family the present stigma, whether or no it belonged to any other.

No sooner was Henry gone, than Mr. Rymer waited on the dean to report what he had heard; and he frankly attributed his daughter's false confession, to the compulsive methods he had adopted in charging her with the offence: upon this statement, Henry's love to her was also a solution of his inconsistent conduct on that singular occasion.

The dean immediately said—"he would put the matter beyond all doubt: for he would that moment send for the present reputed mother; and if she acknowledged the child, he would
instantly

instantly commit her to prison for the attempt of putting it to death.

The curate applauded the dean's sagacity; a warrant was issued; and Hannah brought prisoner before the grandfather of her child.

She appeared astonished at the peril in which she found herself! Confused also, with a thousand inexpressible sensations which the dean's presence inspired, she seemed to prevaricate in all she uttered.—Accused of this, she was still more disconcerted—said, and unsaid—confessed herself the mother of the infant, but declared she did not know—then owned she *did* know the name of the man who had undone her, but would never utter it.—At length, she cast herself on her knees before the
* father

father of her betrayer, and supplicated
“he would not punish her with severity, as she most penitently confessed her fault, so far as it related to herself.”

While Mr. and Mrs. Norwynne, just entered on the honey-moon, were sitting side by side enjoying with peace and with honour conjugal society; poor Hannah, threatened, reviled, and sinking to the dust, was hearing from the mouth of William's father, the enormity of those crimes to which his son had been accessory.—She saw the mittimus written that was to convey her into a prison—saw herself delivered once more into the hands of constables, before her resolution of concealing the name of William in her story left her.—She now, overcome with affright, and thinking she should expose him still
more

more in a public court, if hereafter on her trial she should be obliged to name him—she now humbly asked the dean to hear a few words she had to say in private—where she promised she “would speak nothing but the truth.”

This was impossible, he said—“No private confessions before a magistrate! All must be done openly.”

She urged again and again the same request—it was denied more peremptorily than at first. On which she said,

“Then, Sir, forgive me, since you force me to it, if I speak before Mr. Rymer and those men, what I would for ever have kept a secret if I could.—One of your family is my child’s father.”

“Any of my servants?” Cried the dean.

“No.”

“My

“ My nephew ? ”

“ No ; one who is nearer still . ”

“ Come this way , ” said the dean , “ I *will* speak to you in private . ”

It was not that the dean, as a magistrate, distributed partial decrees of pretended justice—he was rigidly faithful to his trust—he would not inflict punishment on the innocent, or let the guilty escape—but in all particulars of refined or coarse treatment, he would alleviate or aggravate according to the rank of the offender. He could not feel that a secret was of equal importance to a poor, as to a rich person—and while Hannah gave no intimation but that her delicacy rose from fears for herself, she did not so forcibly impress the dean with an opinion that it was a case

which had pressing cause for a private conference, as when she boldly said, "a part of *his* family, very near to him, was concerned in her tale."

The final result of their conversation in an adjoining room was—a charge from the dean, in the words of Mr. Rymer, "to hush the affair up;" and his promise that the infant should be immediately taken from her, and "she should have no more trouble with it."

"I have no trouble with it." Replied Hannah. "It is now all my comfort: and I cannot part from it."

"Why, you inconsistent woman, did you not attempt to murder it?"

"That was before I had suckled it."

"It

“It is necessary you should give it up—it must be sent some miles off—and then the whole circumstance will be soon forgotten.”

“I shall never forget it.”

“No matter—you must give up the child—Do not most of our first women of quality part with their children?”

“Women of quality have other things to love—I have nothing else.”

“And would you occasion my son, and his new-made bride, the shame and the uneasiness——”

Here Hannah burst into a flood of tears; and being angrily asked by the dean “why she blubbered so?”——

“I—have had shame and uneasiness.” She replied, wringing her hands.

“And you deserve them—they are the sure attendants of crimes such as

yours.—If you allured, and entrapped a young man like my son——”

“ I am the youngest by five years.”
Said Hannah.

“ Well, well, repent ;” returned the dean, “ repent, and resign your child. Repent, and you may yet marry an honest man who knows nothing of the matter.”

“ And repent too ?” Asked Hannah.

Not the insufferable ignorance of young Henry, when he first came to England, was more vexatious or provoking to the dean than the rustic folly of poor Hannah’s uncultured replies. He at last, in an offended and determined manner, told her,

“ That if she would resign the child, and keep the father’s name a secret,
not

not only the child should be taken care of, but she herself might, perhaps, receive some favours; but if she persisted in her imprudent folly, she must expect no consideration on her own account; nor should she be allowed, for the maintenance of the boy, a sixpence beyond the stated sum for a poor man's unlawful offspring. Hannah, resolving not to be separated from her infant, bowed resignation to this last decree; and, terrified at the loud words and angry looks of the dean, after being regularly discharged, stole to her home; where the smiles of her infant, and the caresses she lavished on it, repaid her for the sorrows she had just suffered for its sake.

Let it here be observed, that the dean, on suffering Hannah to depart

without putting in force the law against her as he had threatened, did nothing, as it were, *behind the curtain*. He openly and candidly owned to Mr. Rymer, his clerk, and the two constables who were attending—"That an affair of some little gallantry, in which, he was extremely sorry to say, his son was rather too nearly involved, required, in consideration of his recent marriage, and an excellent young woman's (his bride's) happiness, that it should not be publicly talked of—Therefore he had thought proper only to reprimand the hussy, and send her about her business."

The curate assured the dean—"That upon this, and upon all other occasions, which should, would, or *could* occur, he owed to his judgment, as his superior, implicit obedience."

The

The clerk and the two constables most properly said—"His honour was a gentleman, and of course must know better how to act than they."

CHAPTER XXXII.

IT was not the pleasure of a mother that Hannah experienced, which could make her insensible to the sorrow of a daughter.

Her parents had received the stranger child along with a fabricated tale she told “of its appertaining to another,” without the smallest suspicion; but, by the secret diligence of the curate, and the nimble tongues of his elder daughters, the report of all that had passed on the subject of this unfortunate infant, soon circulated through the village; and Hannah in a few weeks had seen her parents pine away
in

in grief and shame at her loss of virtue.

She perceived the neighbours avoid, or openly sneer at *her*—but that was little—she saw them slight her aged father and mother upon her account: and she now took the resolution, rather to perish for want in another part of the country, than live where she was known, and so entail a curse on all who loved her. She slightly hoped, too, that by disappearing from the town and neighbourhood, some little reward might be allowed her for her banishment by the dean's family. In that she was deceived—No sooner was she gone, indeed, than her guilt was forgotten; but with her guilt her wants. The dean and his family rejoiced at her and her child's departure; but as

this mode she had chosen, chanced to be no specified condition in the terms offered to her, they did not think they were bound to pay her for it ; and while she was too fearful and bashful to solicit the dean, too proud (forlorn as she was) to supplicate his son, they both concluded she “ wanted for nothing ;” for to be poor, and too delicate to complain, they deemed incompatible.

To heighten the sense of her degraded, friendless situation, she knew that Henry had not been unmindful of his promise to her, but that he had applied to his cousin in her and his child’s behalf ; for he had acquainted her that William’s answer was—“ all obligations on *his* part were now undertaken by his father ; for Hannah having chosen (in a fit of malignity
upon

upon his marriage) to apprise the dean of their former intercourse, such conduct had for ever cancelled all attention due from him to her, or to her child, beyond what its bare maintenance exacted."

In vain had Henry explained to him the predicament in which poor Hannah was involved before she consented to reveal her secret to his father; William was happy in an excuse to rid himself of a burthen, and he seemed to believe, what he wished were true—that she had forfeited all claim to his farther notice.

Henry informed Hannah in as gentle terms as possible of this unkind reception of his efforts in her favour, for she excited his deepest compassion.—

Perhaps

Perhaps our *own* misfortunes are the cause of our pity for others, even more than *their* ills ; and Henry's present sorrows had softened his heart to peculiar sympathy in woe. He had unhappily found, that the ardour which had hurried him to vindicate the reputation of Rebecca, was likely to deprive him of the blessing of her ever becoming his wife. For the dean, chagrined that his son was at length proved an offender instead of his nephew, submitted to the temptation of punishing the latter, while he forgave the former. He sent for Henry, and having coldly congratulated him on his and Rebecca's innocence, represented to him the impropriety of marrying the daughter of a poor curate, and laid his commands on him, " never to harbour such an intention more." Henry found this restriction

restriction so severe that he would not promise obedience ; but on his next attempt to visit Rebecca, he met a positive repulse from her father, who signified to him, “ that the dean had forbid him to permit their farther acquaintance ;” and the curate declared—“ that, for his own part, he had no will, judgment, or faculties ; but that he submitted in all things to the superior clergy.”

At the very time young Henry had received the proposal from Mr. Rymer of his immediate union with his daughter, and the dean had made no objection, Henry waved the happiness for the time present, and had given a reason why he wished it postponed. The reason he then gave had its weight, but he had another concealed, of yet more import.—Much as he loved, and
looked

looked forward with rapture to that time when every morning, every evening, and all the day, he should have the delight of Rebecca's society; still there was one other wish nearer his heart than this—one desire which for years had been foremost in his thoughts, and which not even love could eradicate. He longed, he pined to know what fate had befallen his father. Provided he were living, he could conceive no joy so extreme as that of seeing him! If he were dead, he was anxious to pay the tribute of filial piety he owed, by satisfying his affectionate curiosity in every circumstance of the sad event.

While a boy, he had frequently expressed these sentiments to both his uncle and his cousin: sometimes they apprised him of the total improbability
of

of accomplishing his wishes: at other times, when they saw the disappointment weigh heavy on his mind, they bade him—"wait till he was a man, before he could hope to put his designs in execution." He did wait. But on the very day he arrived at the age of twenty-one, he made a vow—"that to gain intelligence of his father should be the first act of his free will."

Previously to this time he had made all the enquiries possible, whether any new adventure to that part of Africa in which he was bred, was likely to be undertaken. Of this there appeared to be no prospect, till the intended expedition to Sierra Leone was announced, which favoured his hope of being able to procure a passage, among those adventurers, so near to the island on which

which his father was (or had been prisoner) as to obtain an opportunity of visiting it by stealth.

Fearing contention, or the being dissuaded from his plans if he communicated them, he formed them in private, kept them secretly ; and his imagination filled with the kindness, the tendernefs, the excess of fondnefs he had experienced from his father, beyond any other person in the world, he had thought with delight on the separation from all his other kindred, to pay his duty to him, or to his revered memory. Of late indeed, there had been an object introduced to his acquaintance, from whom it was bitter to part ; but his designs had been planned and firmly fixed before he knew Rebecca ; nor could he have tasted contentment even
with

with her, at the expence of his piety to his father.

In the last interview he had with the dean, Henry—perceiving that his disposition towards him was not less severe than when a few days before he had ordered him on board a vessel—found this the proper time to declare his intentions of accompanying the fleet to Sierra Leone. His uncle expressed surprise! but immediately gave him a sum of money, such as he thought might defray his expences; and as he gave it, by his willingness, his look, and his accent, seemed to say, “I foresee this is the last you will ever require.”

Young William, though a very dutiful son, was amazed when he heard

of Henry's project, "as the serious and settled resolution of a man."

Lady Clementina, Lord and Lady Bendham, and twenty others "wished him a successful voyage," and thought no more about him.

It was for Rebecca alone, to feel the loss of Henry—it was for a mind like hers alone, to know his worth—nor did this last proof of it, the quitting her, for one who claimed by every tie a preference, lessen him in her esteem.—When, by a message from him, she became acquainted with his design, she valued him the more for this observance of his duty, much as it interfered with her happiness—the more she regretted his loss, and the more anxiously prayed for his return; which, in the following letter, written

just before his departure, he taught her to hope for,

“ MY DEAR REBECCA,

“ I Do not tell you I am sorry to
“ part from you—you know I am—and
“ you know all I have suffered, since
“ your father denied me permission to
“ see you.

“ But perhaps you do not know the
“ hopes I enjoy, and which bestow on
“ me a degree of peace—and those I
“ am eager to tell you.

“ I hope, Rebecca, to see you again
“ —I hope to return to England, and
“ overcome every obstacle to our mar-
“ riage—and then, in whatever station
“ we are placed, I shall consider myself
“ as happy, as it is possible to be in
“ this world—I feel a conviction that
“ you would be happy too.

“ Some persons, I know, estimate
“ happiness by fine houses, gardens,
“ and parks—others, by pictures, horses,
“ money, and various things wholly re-
“ mote from their own species—but
“ when I wish to ascertain the real fe-
“ licity of any rational man, I always
“ enquire *whom he has to love*. If I find
“ he has nobody—or does not love
“ those he has—even in the midst of
“ all his profusion of finery and gran-
“ deur, I pronounce him a being in
“ deep adversity. In loving you, I am
“ happier than my cousin William ;
“ even though I am obliged to leave
“ you for a time.

“ Do not be afraid you should grow
“ old before I return—age can never
“ alter you in my regard. It is your
“ gentle nature, your unaffected man-
“ ners,

“ners, your easy cheerfulness, your
“clear understanding, the sincerity of
“all your words and actions, that have
“gained my heart; and while you
“preserve charms like these, you will
“be dearer to me with white hairs and
“a wrinkled face, than any of your
“sex, who, not possessing all these
“qualities, possess the youth and bloom
“of perfect beauty.

“You will esteem me too, I trust,
“though I should return on crutches;
“and with my poor father, whom I
“may be obliged to maintain by daily
“labour.

“I will employ all my time during
“my absence, in the study of some art
“that may enable me to support you
“both, provided heaven will bestow
“two such blessings on me. In the
“cheering thought that it will be so,

“and in that only, I have the courage,
“my dear, dear Rebecca, to say to
“you

“Farewell!

“H. NORWYNNE.”

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BEFORE Henry could receive a reply to his letter, the fleet in which he failed put to sea on the voyage.

By his absence, not only Rebecca was deprived of the friend she loved, but poor Hannah lost a kind and compassionate adviser. Her parents, too, both sickened, and both died, in a short time after—and now, wholly friendless, and in her little exile where she could only hope for toleration, not being known, she was contending with suspicion, rebuffs, disappointments, and various other ills, that might have made the most harsh of her Anfield persecutors feel compassion for her, could

F 4

they

they have witnessed the throbs of her heart, and have viewed the state of her agonising mind.

Still, there are few persons whom providence afflicts, beyond the limits of *all* consolation—few cast so low, as not to feel pride on *certain* occasions—and Hannah felt a comfort, and a dignity in the thought—that she had both a mind and a body capable of sustaining every hardship her destiny might inflict, rather than submit to the disgrace of soliciting William's charity a second time.

This determination was put to a variety of trials—In vain she offered herself to the strangers of the village, in which she was accidentally cast, as a servant—her child, her dejected looks,

*

her

her broken sentences, a wildness in her eye, a kind of bold despair that at times spread over her features, her imperfect story who, and what she was, prejudiced all those to whom she applied; and, after thus travelling to several small towns and hamlets, the only employer she could obtain was a farmer, and the only employment, to tend and feed his cattle, while his men were in the harvest, tilling the ground, or at some other labour, which required, at that time, peculiar expedition.

Though Hannah was born of peasants, yet, having been an only child, and of industrious parents, she had been nursed with tenderness and delicacy, ill suited to her present occupation—but she endured it with patience; and the most laborious

laborious part would have seemed light to her, could she have dismissed the reflection—what it was that had reduced her to it.

Soon her tender hands became hard and rough, her fair skin burnt and yellow; so that when, on a Sunday, she has looked in the glass, she has started back as if it were some other face she saw instead of her own. But this loss of beauty gave her no regret—while William did not see her, it was of little purport to her, whether she were beautiful or hideous. On the features of her child only, she now looked with joy—there, she fancied she saw William at every glance—and in the fond imagination, felt, at times, every happiness short of seeing *him*.

By

By herding solely with the brute creation, she and her child were allowed to live together ; and this was a state she preferred to the society of human creatures, who would have separated her from what she loved so tenderly.—

Anxious to retain a place in which she possessed such a blessing, care and attention to her humble office caused her master to prolong her stay through all the winter—then, during the spring, she attended his yeaning sheep—in the summer, watched them as they grazed—and thus season after season passed, till her young son could afford her assistance in her daily work.

He now could charm her with his conversation as well as with his looks—a thousand times, in the transports of parental love, she has pressed him to her bosom, and thought with an agony

ny of horror—on her foul intent to destroy, what was now so dear, so necessary to her existence.

Still the boy grew more like his father—in one resemblance alone he failed.—He loved Hannah with an affection totally distinct from the pitiful and childish gratification of his own self-love—he never would quit her side for all the tempting offers of toys or money—never would eat of rarities given to him, till Hannah took a part—never crossed her will, however contradictory to his own—never saw her smile that he did not laugh—nor did she ever weep, but he wept too.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FROM the mean subject of oxen, sheep, and peasants, we return to personages—*i. e.* persons of rank and fortune. The bishop, who was introduced in the last volume, but who occupied a very small space there, is now mentioned in this, merely that the reader may know, he is at present in the same state as his writings—dying: and that his friend, the dean, is talked of as the most likely successor to his dignified office.

The dean, most assuredly, had a strong friendship for the bishop, and now, most assuredly, wished him to recover—and yet—when he reflected on the success of his pamphlet

pamphlet a few years back, and of many which he had written since, on the very same subject, he could not but think “That he had more righteous pretensions to fill the vacant seat of his much beloved and reverend friend (should fate ordain it to be vacated) than any other man:” and he knew—that it would not take one moment from that friend’s remaining life, should he exert himself, and with all due management, to obtain the elevated station when *he* should be no more.

In presupposing the death of a friend, the dean—like many other virtuous men—“always supposed him going to a better place.” With perfect resignation, therefore, he waited whatever change might happen to the bishop; ready to receive him with open arms if
he

he recovered, or equally ready, in case of his dissolution, to receive his dignities.

Lady Clementina displayed her sensibility and feeling for the sick prelate, by the disgusting extravagance of hysteric fits; except at those times when she talked seriously with her husband upon the injustice which she thought would be done to him, and to his many pamphlets and sermons, if he did not immediately rise to the episcopal honour.

“Surely, dean,” said she, “should you be disappointed upon this occasion, you will write no more books for the good of your country?”

“Yes I will,” he replied, “but the next book I write for the good of my country shall be very different, nay the
very

very reverse of those I have already written."

"How, dean! would you show yourself changed?"

"No, but I will show that my country is changed."

"What! since you produced your last work? only six weeks ago!"

"Great changes may occur in six days;" replied the dean, with a threatening accent: "and if I find things *have* taken a new and improper turn, I will be the first to expose it."

"But before you act in this manner, my dear, surely you will wait ——"

"I will wait till the See is disposed of to another." Said he.

He did wait—The bishop died—The dean was promoted to the See of * * *, and wrote a folio on the prosperity of our happy country.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WHILE the bishop and his son were failing before prosperous gales on the ocean of life, young Henry was contending with adverse winds, and many other perils on the watery ocean—yet still, his distresses and dangers were less, than those which Hannah had to encounter on land. The sea threatens an untimely death; the shore menaces calamities from which death is a refuge.

The afflictions Hannah had already experienced, could just admit of aggravation—the addition occurred.

Had the good farmer, who made her

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the companion of his flocks and herds, lived till now, till now she might have been secure from the annoyance of human kind: but, thrown once more upon society, she was unfit to sustain the conflict of decorum against depravity.—Her master, her patron, her preserver, was dead; and hardly as she had earned the pittance she received from him, she found, it surpassed all her power to obtain the like again. Her doubtful character, her capacious mind, her unmethodical manners were still ill suited to the nice precision of a country housewife; and as the prudent mistress of a family sneered at her pretensions, she, in her turn, scorned at the narrow-minded mistress of a family.

In her enquiries how to gain her bread free from the cutting reproaches
of

of discretion, she was informed “that London was the only private corner where guilt could be secreted undisturbed—and the only public place where in open day, it might triumphantly stalk, attended by a train of audacious admirers.”

There was a charm to the ear of Hannah, in the name of London, that thrilled through her soul—William lived in London—and she thought, that while she retired to some dark cellar with her offences, he probably would ride in state with his, and she at humble distance might sometimes catch a glance of him.

As difficult as to eradicate insanity from a mind once possessed, so difficult it is to erase from the lover's breast, the

deep impression of a *real* affection. Coercion may prevail for a short interval, still love will rage again. Not all the ignominy Hannah experienced in the place where she now was without a home—not the hunger which she at times suffered, and even at times saw her child endure—not every inducement for going to London, or motive for quitting her present desolate station, had the weight to affect her choice so much as—In London, she should live nearer William ; in the present spot she could never hope to see him again ; but there she might chance to pass him in the streets ; she might pass his door unobserved every day ; might enquire about him of his inferior neighbours, who would be unsuspicious of the cause of her curiosity.—For these gratifications she should breathe another air—for these,

*

she

she could bear all hardships which London threatened; and for these, she took a threeweeks' journey to that perilous town on foot, cheering, as she walked along, her innocent and wearied companion.

William! In your luxurious dwelling! Possessed of coffers filled with gold! Relations, friends, clients, joyful around you! Delicious viands and rich wines upon your sumptuous board! Voluptuousness displayed in every apartment of your habitation!—Contemplate, for a moment, Hannah, your first love, with her son, your first, and only child, walking through frost and snow to London, with a foreboding fear on the mother—that they both may perish for the want of a friend when arrived.

But no sooner did Hannah find her-

self within the smoke of the metropolis, than the old charm was renewed, and scarcely had she refreshed her child at the poor inn at which she stopped, than she enquired—how far it was to that part of the town where she knew William resided.

She received for answer, “about two miles.”

Upon this information, she thought that she would keep in reserve, till some new sorrow befell her, the consolation of passing his door, (perchance of seeing him) which must ever be an alleviation of her grief. It was not long before she had occasion for even more substantial comfort. She soon found she was not likely to obtain a service here, more than in the country. Some objected that she could not make caps and gowns; some, that she could not preserve

serve and pickle ; some, that she was too young ; some, that she was too pretty ; and all declined accepting her, till at last a citizen's wife, on condition of her receiving but half the wages usually given, took her as a servant of all work.

In romances, and in some plays, there are scenes of dark and unwholesome mines, wherein the labourer works during the brightest day by the aid of artificial light. There are in London kitchens equally dismal, though not quite so much exposed to damp and noxious vapours. In one of these, under ground, hid from the cheerful light of the sun, poor Hannah was doomed to toil from morning till night, subjected to the command of a dissatisfied mistress ; who, not estimating as she ought, the misery incurred by serving her, constantly threatened

her servants “with a dismissal ;” at which the unthinking wretches would tremble merely from the sound of the words—for, to have reflected—to have considered what their purport was—“to be released from a dungeon, relieved from continual upbraidings, and vile drudgery,” must have been a subject of rejoicing—and yet, because these good tidings were delivered as a menace, custom had made the poor creatures fearful of the consequence. So, death being described to children as a disaster, even poverty and shame will start from it with affright ; when, had it been pictured (as it is) a good ; it would be feared by few, and many, many would welcome it with gladness.

All the care of Hannah to please,
her fear of offending, her toilsome days,
her

her patience, her submission, could not prevail on her mistress to retain her one hour after by chance she had heard, “that Hannah was the mother of a child ; that she wished it should be kept a secret ; and that she stole out now and then to visit him.”

Hannah, with swimming eyes and an almost breaking heart, left a place—where, to have lived one hour, would have plunged any fine lady in the deepest grief.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HANNAH was driven from service to service—her deficiency in the knowledge of a mere drudge, or her lost character, pursued her wherever she went ; and at length, becoming wholly destitute, she gladly accepted a place where the latter misfortune was not the least objection.

In one of those habitations where continual misery is dressed in continual smiles ; where extreme of poverty is concealed by extreme of show ; where wine dispenses mirth only by dispensing forgetfulness ; and where female beauty is so cheap, so complying, that while
it

it inveigles it disgusts the man of pleasure ;—in one of those houses, to attend upon its wretched inhabitants, Hannah was hired.—Her feelings of rectitude submitted to those of hunger—Her principles of virtue (which the loss of virtue had not destroyed) received a shock when she engaged to be the abettor of vice, from which her delicacy, morality, and religion shrunk : but—persons of honour and of reputation would not employ her : was she then to perish ? That perhaps was easy to resolve—but she had a child to leave behind ! A child, from whom to part for a day was a torment.—Yet, before she submitted herself to a situation that filled her mind with a kind of loathing horror, often she paced up and down the street in which William lived, looked wistfully at his house, and sometimes, lost to all her finer feelings

feelings of independent pride, thought of sending a short petition to him—but, at the idea of a repulse, and of that frowning brow, which she knew William *could* dart on her, she preferred death, or the most degrading life, to the trial.

It was long since, that misfortune and dishonour had made her callous to the good or ill opinion of all the world, except *his* ; and the fear of drawing upon her his encreased contempt was still, at the crisis of applying, so powerful, that she found she dared not even hazard a reproof from him in the person of his father ; whose rigour she had now more than once experienced, in the frequent harsh messages conveyed to her with the poor stipend for her boy.

Awed by the rigid and pious character

rafter of the new bi shop, the rising honours and growing reputation of his son, she mistook the appearance of moral excellence, for moral excellence itself; and felt her own unworthiness even to become the suppliant of those great men.

Day after day she watched those parts of the town through which William's chariot was accustomed to drive—but, to see the carriage was all to which she aspired—a feeling, not to be described, forced her to cast her eyes upon the earth as it drew near to her—and when it had passed, she beat her breast and wept, that she had not seen *him*.

Impressed with the superiority of others, and her own abject and disgusting state, she cried—“Let me herd with those who won't despise me—let me

me only see faces whereon I can look without confusion and terror—let me associate with wretches like myself, rather than force my shame before those who are so good, they can but scorn and mock at me.”

With a mind thus languishing for sympathy in disgrace, she entered a servant in the house just now described. There, accomplishing the fatal proverb against “*evil communications*,” she had not the fortitude to be an exception to the general rule—That pliant disposition which had yielded to the licentious love of William, stooped to still baser prostitution in company still more depraved.

At first she shuddered at those practices that she saw, at those conversations that she heard ; and blest herself that poverty,

poverty, not inclination, had caused her to be a witness of such things, and had condemned her in the vile abode to be a servant, rather, than in the lower rank of mistress.—Use softened those horrors every day—at length self-defence, the fear of ridicule, and the hope of favour, induced her to adopt that very conduct from which her heart revolted.

In her sorrowful countenance, and fading charms, there yet remained attraction for many visitors—and she now submitted to the mercenary profanations of love; more odious, as her mind had been subdued by its most sacred and endearing joys.

While incessant regret whispered to her “she ought to have endured every calamity rather than this,” she thus questioned

tioned her nice sense of wrong—"Why, why respect myself, while no other respects me? Why set a value on my own feelings, when no one else does?"

Degraded in her own judgment, she doubted her own understanding when it sometimes told her she had deserved better treatment—for she felt herself a fool in comparison with her learned seducer, and the rest who despised her. "And why," she continued, "should I ungratefully persist to condemn women, who alone are so kind as to accept me a companion? Why refuse conformity to their customs, while none of my sex besides, will admit me to their society a partaker of theirs?"

In speculation these arguments ap-
peared

peared reasonable, and she pursued their dictates—but in the practice of the life in which she plunged, she proved the fallacy of the system; and at times tore her hair with frantic sorrow—that she did not continue in the mid-way of guilt, and so preserve some little portion of self-approbation, to recompense her, in a small degree, for the total loss of the esteem of all the virtuous world.

But she had now gone too far to recede. Could she have now recalled her innocence, even that part she brought with her to London, experience would have taught her to have given up her child, and have lived once more with the brute creation, and apart from him, rather than to have mingled with her present society. Now, alas! the time for flying was past—all prudent choice was over—even all reflection was gone

for ever—or only admitted on compulsion, when it imperiously forced its way amidst the scenes of tumultuous mirth, of licentious passion, of distracted riot, shameless effrontery, and wild intoxication—when it *would* force its way—even through the walls of a brothel.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

IS there a reader so little experienced in the human heart, so forgetful of his own as not to feel the possibility of the following fact?

A series of uncommon calamities had been for many years the lot of the elder Henry—a succession of prosperous events had fallen to the share of his brother William—The one was the envy, while the other had the compassion of all who thought about them. For the last twenty years William had lived in affluence bordering upon splendour, his friends, his fame, his fortune daily encreasing; while Henry, through-

out that very period, had, by degrees, lost all he loved on earth, and was now existing apart from civilised society—and yet—during those twenty years, where William knew one happy moment, Henry tasted hundreds.

That the state of the mind, and not outward circumstances, is the nice point on which happiness depends, is but a quaint remark: but that intellectual power should have the force to render a man discontented in extraordinary prosperity such as that of the present bishop, or contented in his brother's extreme of adversity, requires illustration.

The first great affliction to Henry was his brother's ingratitude; but reasoning on the frailty of man's nature, and
the

the power of man's temptations, he found excuses for William, which made him support the treatment he had received, with more tranquillity, than William's proud mind supported his brother's marriage—Henry's indulgent disposition made him less angry with William, than William was with him.

The next affliction Henry suffered, was the loss of his beloved wife—that was a grief which time and change of objects gradually alleviated; while William's wife was a permanent grief to him; her puerile mind, her talking vanity, her affected virtues, soured his domestic comfort; and, in time, he had suffered more painful moments from her society, than his brother had experienced, even from the death of her he loved.

In their children, indeed, William was the happiest—his son was a pride and pleasure to him, while Henry never thought upon *his* without lamenting his loss with bitterest anguish. But if the elder brother had in this instance the advantage, still Henry had a resource to overbalance this article. Henry, as he lay imprisoned in his dungeon, and when, after his punishment was remitted, he was again allowed to wander and seek his subsistence where he would; in all his tedious walks and solitary resting-places, during all his lonely days and mournful nights, had *this resource* to console him:

“I never did an injury to any one: never was harsh, severe, unkind, deceitful: I did not merely confine myself to do my neighbour no harm; I strove to serve him.”

This

This was the resource that cheered his sinking heart amidst gloomy deserts and a barbarous people; lulled him to peaceful slumber in the hut of a savage hunter, and in the sound of the lion's roar; at times impressed him with a sense of happiness; and made him contemplate with a longing hope, the retribution of a future world.

The bishop, with all his comforts, had no comfort like this—he had *his* solitary reflections too, but they were of a tendency the reverse of these.—“I used my brother ill,” was a secret thought of most powerful influence—it kept him waking upon his safe and commodious bed; was sure to recur with every misfortune by which he was threatened, to make his fears still stronger; and came with invidious stabs

H 4.

upon

upon every successful event, to take from him a part of his joy.—In a word, it was *conscience* that made Henry's years pass happier than William's.

But though, comparatively with his brother, William was the less happy man, yet his self-reproach was not of such magnitude, for an offence of that atrocious nature, as to banish a certain degree of happiness, and a sensibility to the smiles of fortune from his breast—nor was Henry's self-acquittal of such exquisite kind, as to chase away the feeling of his desolate situation.

As he fished or hunted for his daily dinner, many a time in full view of his prey, a sudden burst of sorrow at his fate, a sudden longing for some dear society, for some friend to share his thoughts, for some kind shoulder on
which

which to lean his head, for some companion to partake of his repast, would make him instantaneously desist from his pursuit, cast him on the ground in a fit of anguish, till a shower of tears, and his *conscience*, came to his relief.

It was on a sultry morning, when, after pleasant dreams during the night, he had waked with more than usual perception of his misery; that, sitting upon the beach, his wishes and his looks all bent on the sea towards his native land, he thought he saw a sail swelling before an unexpected breeze.

“Sure I am dreaming still!” he cried. “This is the very vessel I saw last night in my sleep!—Oh! what cruel mockery, that my eyes should so deceive me!”

which

Yet,

Yet, though he doubted, he leaped upon his feet in transport!—held up his hands, stretched at their length, in a kind of ecstatic joy!—and as the glorious sight approached, was near rushing into the sea to meet it.

For a while hope and fear kept him in a state bordering on distraction.

Now he saw the ship making for the shore, and tears flowed for the grateful prospect. Now it made for another point, and he vented shrieks and groans from the disappointment.

It was at those moments, while hope and fear thus possessed him, that the horrors of his abode appeared more than ever frightful!—Inevitable afflictions must be borne; but that calamity which admits the expectation of relief, that is afterwards denied, is insupportable.

After

After a few minutes passed in dreadful uncertainty, which enhanced the wished-for happiness, the ship evidently drew near the land—a boat was launched from her—and while Henry, now upon his knees, wept, and prayed fervently for the event; a youth sprang from the barge on the strand, rushed towards him, and falling on his neck, then at his feet, exclaimed—“My father! oh! my father!”

William! Dean! Bishop! What are your honours, what your riches, what all your possessions, compared to the happiness, the transport bestowed by this one sentence, on your poor brother Henry?

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE crosses at land, and the perilous events at sea, had made it now several years, since young Henry first took the vow of a man, no longer dependent on the will of another, to seek his father. His fatigues, his dangers were well recompensed ! Instead of weeping over a silent grave, he had the inexpressible joy to receive a parent's blessing for his labours. Yet, the elder Henry, though living, was so changed in person, that his son would scarcely have known him in any other than the favourite spot, which the younger (keeping in memory every incident of his former life) knew his father had always chosen

for his morning contemplations ; and where, previously to his coming to England, he had many a time kept him company. It was to that particular corner of the island that the captain of the ship had generously ordered they should steer, out of the general route, to gratify the filial tendernefs he expressed. But scarcely had the interview between the father and the son taken place, than a band of natives, whom the appearance of the vessel had called from the woods and hills, came to attack the invaders. The elder Henry had no friend with whom he wished to shake hands at his departure ; the old negro servant who had assisted in young Henry's escape was dead ; and he experienced the excessive joy of bidding adieu to a place, without one regret for all he left behind.

One

On the night of that day, whose morning had been marked by peculiar sadness, at the lowering prospect of many exiled years to come; he slept on board an English vessel, with Englishmen his companions, and his son, his beloved son—who was still more dear to him for that mind which had planned and executed his rescue—his attentive servant, and most affectionate friend.

Though many a year passed, and many a rough encounter was destined to the lot of the two Henrys before they saw the shores of Europe, yet to them, to live or to die together was happiness enough—even young Henry for a time asked for no greater blessing—but, the first glow of filial ardor over, he called to mind, “Rebecca lived in England;” and every exertion which love, founded
on

on the highest reverence and esteem, could dictate, he employed to expedite a voyage, the end of which would be crowned by the sight of her.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE contrast of the state of happiness between the two brothers, was nearly resembled by that of the two cousins—the riches of young William did not render him happy, nor did the poverty of young Henry doom him to misery. His affectionate heart, as he had described in his letter to Rebecca, loved *persons* rather than *things*, and he would not have exchanged the society of his father, or the prospect of her hand and heart, for all the wealth and finery of which his cousin William was the master.

He was right. Young William,
though

though he viewed with contempt Henry's inferior state, was far less happy than he—His marriage had been the very counterpart of his father's; and having no child to create affection to his home, his study, was the only relief from the domestic incumbrance, his wife: and though by unremitting application there (joined to the influence of the potent relations of the woman he hated) he at length arrived at the summit of his ambitious desires, still they poorly repaid him, for the sacrifice he had made in early life, of every tender disposition.

Striding through a list of rapid advancements, in the profession of the law, at the age of thirty-eight he found himself raised to preferment, such as rarely falls to the share of a man of his short experience—he found himself in-

vested with a judge's robe ; and gratified by the exalted office, curbed more than ever that aversion, which her want of charms or sympathy, had produced against the partner of his honours.

While William had thus been daily rising in fortune's favour, poor Hannah had been daily sinking deeper and deeper under fortune's frowns: till at last she became a midnight wanderer through the streets of London, soliciting, or rudely demanding money of the passing stranger.—Sometimes, hunted by the watch, she affrighted fled from street to street, from portico to portico—and once, unknowing in her fear which way she hurried, she found her trembling knees had sunk, and her wearied head was reclined, against the pillars that guarded William's door.

At

At the sudden recollection where she was, a swell of passion, composed of horror, of despair, and love, gave re-animated strength to her failing limbs; and, regardless of her pursuers' steps, she ran to the centre of the street, and looking up to the windows of the house, cried, "Ah! there he sleeps in quiet, in peace, in ease—he does not even dream of me—he does not care how the cold pierces, or how the people persecute me!—He does not thank me for all the lavish love I have borne him and his child!—His heart is so hard, he does not even recollect that it was he, who brought me to ruin."

Had these miseries, common to the unhappy prostitute, been alone the punishment of Hannah—had her crimes and sufferings ended in distress like this,

her story had not perhaps been selected for a public recital ; for it had been no other than the customary history of thousands of her sex. But Hannah had a destiny yet more severe.—Unhappily, she was endowed with a mind so sensibly alive to every joy, and every sorrow, to every mark of kindness, every token of severity ; so liable to excess in passion, that once perverted, there was no degree of error from which it would with firmness revolt.

Taught by the conversation of the dissolute poor, with whom she now associated, or by her own observation on the worldly reward of elevated villainy, she began to suspect “ that dishonesty was only held a sin, to secure the property of the rich ; and that, to take from those who did not want, by the art
of

of stealing, was less guilt, than to take from those who did want, by the power of the law."

By false, yet seducing opinions such as these, her reason estranged from every moral and religious tie, her necessities urgent, she reluctantly accepted the proposal, to mix with a band of practised sharpers and robbers ; and become an accomplice in negotiating bills forged on a country banker,

But though ingenious in arguments to excuse the deed before its commission ; in the act, she had the dread of some uncontrovertible statement on the other side of the question. Intimidated by this conviction, she was the veriest bungler in her vile profession—and on the alarm of being detected, while

every one of her confederates escaped and absconded, she alone was seized—was arrested for issuing notes they had fabricated, and committed to the provincial jail, about fifty miles from London, where the crime was perpetrated, to take her trial for—life or death.

CHAPTER XL.

THE day at length is come, on which Hannah shall have a sight of her beloved William!—She, who has watched for hours near his door, to procure a glimpse of him going out, or returning home ; who has walked miles to see his chariot pass ; she now will behold him, and he will see her, by the command of the laws of their country—Those laws that will deal with rigour towards her, in this one instance are still indulgent.

The time of the assizes, at the county-town in which she is imprisoned, is arrived—the prisoners are demanded at the shire-hall—the jail doors are opened

—they go in sad procession.—The trumpet sounds—it speaks the arrival of the judge—and that judge is William.

The day previous to her trial, Hannah had read, in the printed calendar of the prisoners, his name as the learned justice before whom she was to appear. For a moment she forgot her perilous state in the excess of joy, which the still unconquerable love she bore to him, permitted her to taste even on the brink of the grave!—After-reflection made her check those worldly transports, as unfit for the present solemn occasion. But alas! to her, earth and William were so closely united, that, till she forsook the one, she could never cease to think, without the contending passions of hope, of fear, of joy, of love, of shame, and of despair, on the other.

Now

Now fear took place of her first immoderate joy—she feared, that although much changed in person since he had seen her, and her real name now added to many an *alias*—yet she feared that some well-known glance of the eye, turn of the action, or accent of speech, might recall her to his remembrance; and at that idea shame overcame all her other sensations—for still she retained pride, in respect to *his* opinion, to wish him not to know, Hannah was that wretch she felt she was!—Once a ray of hope beamed on her, “that if he knew her, if he recognised her, he might possibly befriend her cause”—and life bestowed through William’s friendship seemed a precious object!—But again, that rigorous honour she had often heard him boast, that firmness to his word, of which she had fatal experience, taught her

her to know, he would not for any improper compassion, any unmanly weakness, forfeit his oath of impartial justice.

In meditations such as these she passed the sleepless night.

When, in the morning, she was brought to the bar, and her guilty hand held up before the righteous judgment-seat of William; imagination could not form two figures, or two situations more incompatible with the existence of former familiarity, than the judge and the culprit—and yet, these very persons had passed together the most blissful moments that either ever tasted!—Those hours of tender dalliance were now present to *her* mind—*His* thoughts were more nobly employed in his high office—nor could the haggard face, hollow eye, desponding countenance, and
*
meagre

meagre person of the poor prisoner, once call to his memory, though her name was uttered among a list of others that she had assumed, his former youthful, lovely, Hannah!

She heard herself arraigned with trembling limbs and downcast looks—and many witnesses had appeared against her, before she ventured to lift her eyes up to her awful judge.—She then gave one fearful glance, and discovered William, unpitying, but beloved William, in every feature! It was a face she had been used to look on with delight, and a kind of absent smile of gladness, now beamed on her poor wan visage.

When every witness on the part of the prosecutor had been examined, the judge addressed himself to her,

“What

“What defence have you to make?”

It was William spoke to Hannah!—The sound was sweet—the voice was mild, was soft, compassionate, encouraging!—It almost charmed her to a love of life!—not such a voice as when William last addressed her; when he left her undone and pregnant, vowing “never to see or speak to her more.”

She could have hung upon the present words for ever! She did not call to mind that this gentleness was the effect of practice, the art of his occupation: which at times, is but a copy, by the unfeeling, from his benevolent brothers of the bench.—In the present judge, tenderness was not designed for the culprit’s consolation, but for the approbation of the auditors.

There were no spectators, Hannah, by your side when last he parted from you
—if

—if there had, the awful William had been awed to marks of pity.

Stunned with the enchantment of that well-known tongue directed to her, she stood like one just petrified—all vital power was suspended.

Again he put the question, and with these additional sentences, tenderly and emphatically delivered——“Recollect yourself—Have you no witnesses? No proof in your behalf?”

A dead silence followed these questions.

He then mildly, but forcibly, added——“What have you to say?”

Here, a flood of tears burst from her eyes, which she fixed earnestly upon him, as if pleading for mercy, while she faintly articulated,

“Nothing, my Lord”

After

After a short pause, he asked her, in the same forcible but benevolent tone

“Have you no one to speak for your character?”

The prisoner answered,

“No.”

A second gush of tears followed this reply, for she called to mind by *whom*, her character had first been blasted.

He summed up the evidence—and every time he was compelled to press hard upon the proofs against her, she shrunk, and seemed to stagger with the deadly blow—writhed under the weight of *his* minute justice, more than from the prospect of a shameful death.

The jury consulted but a few minutes—the verdict was—

“Guilty.”

She heard it with composure.

But

But when William placed the fatal velvet on his head, and rose to pronounce her sentence—she started with a kind of convulsive motion—retreated a step or two back, and lifting up her hands, with a scream exclaimed—

“ Oh ! not from *you* ! ”

The piercing shriek which accompanied these words, prevented their being heard by part of the audience ; and those who heard them, thought little of their meaning, more, than that they expressed her fear of dying.

Serene, and dignified, as if no such exclamation had been uttered, William delivered the fatal speech, ending with —“ Dead, dead, dead.”

She fainted as he closed the period, and was carried back to prison in a swoon ; while he adjourned the court to go to dinner.

CHAPTER XLI.

IF, unaffected by the scene he had witnessed, William sat down to dinner with an appetite, let not the reader conceive, that the most distant idea had struck his mind—of his ever having seen, much less familiarly known, the poor offender whom he had just condemned. Still this forgetfulness did not proceed from the want of memory for Hannah—In every peevish or heavy hour passed with his wife, he was sure to think of her—yet, it was self-love, rather than love of *her*, that gave rise to these thoughts—he felt the want of female sympathy and tenderness, to soften the fatigue of studious labour; to soothe

soothe a fullen, a morose disposition—he felt he wanted comfort for himself, but never once considered, what Hannah's wants were.

In the chagrin of a barren bed, he sometimes thought, too, even on the child that Hannah bore him; but whether it were male or female, whether a beggar in the streets, or dead—various and important public occupations, forbade him to waste time to enquire. Yet the poor, the widow, and the orphan, frequently shared William's ostentatious bounty. He was the president of many excellent charities; gave largely; and sometimes instituted benevolent societies for the unhappy: for he delighted to load the poor with obligations, and the rich with praise.

There are persons like him, who love

to do every good, but that which their immediate duty requires.—There are servants who will serve every one more cheerfully than their masters.—There are men who will distribute money liberally to all, except their creditors.—And there are wives who will love any man better than their husbands.—*Duty* is a familiar word which has little effect upon an ordinary mind: and as ordinary minds are in a vast majority, we have acts of generosity, valour, self-denial, and bounty, where smaller pains would constitute greater virtues.—Had William followed the *common* dictates of charity; had he adopted private pity, instead of public munificence: had he cast an eye at home, before he fought abroad for objects of compassion, Hannah had been preserved from an ignominious death, and he had been preserved from—*Remorse*.—The tortures of
of

of which, he for the first time proved, on reading a printed sheet of paper thrown accidentally in his way, a few days after he had left the town in which he had condemned her to die.

“ March the 12th 179—

“ The last dying words, speech, and confession ; birth, parentage, and education ; life, character, and behaviour, of Hannah Primrose, who was executed this morning between the hours of ten and twelve, pursuant to the sentence passed upon her by the Honourable Justice Norwynne.

“ HANNAH PRIMROSE was born of honest parents, in the village of Anfield, in the county of—[William

K 2 started

started at the name of the village and county] “ But being led astray by the
“ arts and flattery of seducing man, she
“ fell from the paths of virtue, premedi-
“ tated many horrid crimes, and took
“ to bad company, which instilled into
“ her young heart all their evil prac-
“ tices, and at length brought her to
“ this untimely end.—So she hopes her
“ death will be a warning to all young
“ persons of her own sex, how they
“ listen to the praises and courtship of
“ young men, especially of those who
“ are their betters; for they only court
“ to deceive—But the said Hannah,
“ freely forgives all persons who have
“ done her injury, or given her sorrow,
“ from the young man who first won
“ her heart, to the jury who found her
“ guilty, and the judge who condemned
“ her to death.

“ And

“And she acknowledges the justice
“of her sentence, not only in respect
“of the crime for which she suffers,
“but in regard to many other heinous
“sins of which she has been guilty,
“more especially that of once attempt-
“ing to commit a murder upon her own
“helpless child, for which guilt she now
“considers the vengeance of God has
“overtaken her, to which she is pa-
“tiently resigned, and parts in peace
“and charity with all the world, pray-
“ing the Lord to have mercy on her
“poor departing soul.”

“POSTSCRIPT TO THE CONFESSION.

“So great was this unhappy wo-
“man’s terror of death, and the awful
“judgment that was to follow, that
“when sentence was pronounced upon

“ her, she fell into a swoon, from that
“ into convulsions, from which she never
“ entirely recovered, but was delirious
“ to the time of her execution, except
“ that short interval in which she made
“ her confession to the clergyman who
“ attended her—She has left one child,
“ a youth about sixteen, who has never
“ forsaken his mother during all the
“ time of her imprisonment, but with
“ true filial duty waited on her—and no
“ sooner was her fatal sentence passed,
“ than he began to droop, and now lies
“ dangerously ill near the prison from
“ which she is released by death—
“ During the loss of her senses, the said
“ Hannah raved continually on this
“ child—and, asking for pen, ink, and
“ paper, wrote an incoherent petition
“ to the judge, recommending the youth
“ to his protection and mercy. But
“ not-

“ notwithstanding this insanity, she be-
“ haved with composure and resigna-
“ tion, when the fatal period arrived
“ that she was to be launched into
“ eternity. She prayed devoutly during
“ the last hour, and seemed to have her
“ whole mind fixed on the world to
“ which she was going—A crowd of
“ spectators followed her to the fatal
“ spot, most of whom returned weep-
“ ing at the recollection of the fer-
“ vency with which she prayed, and
“ the impression which her dreadful
“ state seemed to make upon her.”

- - - - -
No sooner had the name of “ An-
field ” struck William, than a thousand
reflections and remembrances flashed
on his mind to give him conviction,
whom he had judged and sentenced.”

He recollected the sad remains of Hannah, such as he once had known her—and now he wondered how his thoughts could have been absent from an object so pitiable, so worthy of his attention, as not to give him even a suspicion who she was, either from her name, or from her person, during the whole trial!

But wonder, astonishment, horror, and every other sensation, was absorbed in——*Remorse*:—It wounded, it stabbed, it rent his hard heart, as it would do a tender one—It havocked on his firm inflexible mind, as it would on a weak and pliant brain!—Spirit of Hannah! Look down and behold all your wrongs revenged! William feels——*Remorse*.

CHAPTER XLII.

A FEW momentary cessations from the pangs of a guilty conscience were given to William, as soon as he had dispatched a messenger to the jail in which Hannah had been confined, to enquire after the son she had left behind, and to give orders that immediate care should be taken of his health and safety—He likewise charged the messenger to convey back to him the petition she had addressed to him during her supposed insanity; for it was now no trivial consolation to him, that he might possibly have it in his power to grant a request from her.

The

The messenger returned with the written paper, which had been considered by the persons to whom she had entrusted it, as the distracted sentences of an insane mind ; but to William, they proved beyond a doubt, that she was perfectly in her senses.

“ To Lord Chief Justice NORWYNNE.

“ MY LORD,

“ I AM Hannah Primrose, the daughter of John and Hannah Primrose, of Anfield—my father and mother lived by the hill at the side of the little brook where you used to fish, and where you first saw me.

“ Pray, my lord, have mercy on my sorrows, pity me for the first time, and

“ and spare my life. I know I have
“ done wrong—I know it is presump-
“ tion in me to dare to apply to you,
“ such a wicked and mean wretch as
“ I am ; but, my lord, you once conde-
“ scended to take notice of me—and
“ though I have been very wicked since
“ that time, yet if you would be so mer-
“ ciful as to spare my life, I promise to
“ amend it for the future. But if you
“ think it proper I should die, I will
“ be resigned ; but then I hope, I beg,
“ I supplicate, that you will grant my
“ other petition.—Pray, pray, my lord,
“ if you cannot pardon me, be merci-
“ ful to the child I leave behind—
“ What he will do when I am gone, I
“ don’t know—for I have been the
“ only friend he has had ever since he
“ was born.—He was born, my lord,
“ about sixteen years ago, at Anfield,
“ one

“ one summer’s morning, and carried
“ by your cousin, Mr. Henry Norwynne,
“ to Mr. Rymer’s, the curate there—
“ and I swore whose child he was, be-
“ fore the dean, and I did not take a
“ false oath. Indeed, indeed, my lord,
“ I did not.

“ I will say no more for fear this
“ should not come safe to your hand,
“ for the people treat me as if I were
“ mad—so I will say no more, only
“ this, that, whether I live or die, I
“ forgive every body, and I hope every
“ body will forgive me—and I pray
“ that God will take pity on my son,
“ if you refuse: but I hope you will
“ not refuse.

“ HANNAH PRIMROSE.”

William rejoiced, as he laid down
the petition, that she had asked a fa-
vour

your he could bestow; and hoped, by his protection of the son, to redress, in a degree, the wrongs he had done the mother. He instantly sent for the messenger into his apartment, and impatiently asked, "If he had seen the boy, and given proper directions for his care?"

"I have given directions, Sir, for his funeral."

"How!" Cried William.

"He pined away ever since his mother was confined, and died two days after her execution."

Robbed, by this news, of his only gleam of consolation—In the consciousness of having done a mortal injury for which he never now by any means could atone, he saw all his honours, all his riches, all his proud selfish triumphs dance before him! They seemed

ed like airy nothings, which in rapture he would exchange for the peace of a tranquil conscience!

He envied Hannah the death to which he exposed, then condemned her—He envied her even the life she struggled through from his neglect—and felt, that his future days, would be far less happy, than her former existence. He calculated with precision.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE progressive rise of William, and fall of Hannah, had now occupied nearly the term of eighteen years—added to these, another year elapsed before the younger Henry completed the errand on which his heart was fixed. Shipwreck, imprisonment, and ills to which the poor and unfriended traveller is peculiarly exposed, detained the father and son in various remote regions until the present period; and for the last fifteen years, denied them the means of all correspondence with their own country.

The elder Henry was now past sixty
years

years of age, and the younger almost beyond the prime of life. Still length of time had not diminished, but rather had encreased; their anxious longings for their native home.

The sorrows, disappointments, and fatigues that throughout these tedious years were endured by the two Henrys, are of that dull monotonous kind of suffering, better omitted than described: mere repetitions of the exile's woe, that shall give place to the transporting joy, of return from banishment! — Yet, much as the younger had reckoned with impatient wishes, the hours that were passed distant from her he loved, no sooner was his disastrous voyage at an end, and his feet trod upon the shores of England, than a thousand wounding fears made him almost doubt,
6 whether

whether it were happiness or misery he had obtained by his arrival. If Rebecca were living, he knew it must be happiness—for his heart dwelt with confidence on her faith—her unchanging sentiments. “But death might possibly have ravished from his hopes what no mortal power could have done.” And thus the lover creates a rival in every ill, rather than suffer his fears to remain inanimate.

The elder Henry had less to fear or to hope than his son—yet he both feared and hoped with a sensibility that gave him inexpressible anxiety. He hoped his brother would receive him with kindness, after his long absence, and once more take his son cordially to his favour. He longed impatiently to behold his brother; to see his nephew; nay, in the ardour of the renewed affec-

tion he just now felt, he thought even a distant view of Lady Clementina would be grateful to his sight ! But still, well remembering the pomp, the state, the pride of William, he could not rely on *his* affection, so much he knew that it depended on external circumstances to excite, or to extinguish his love. Not that he feared an absolute repulsion from his brother ; but he feared, what, to a delicate mind, is still worse—Reserved manners, cold looks, absent sentences, and all the cruel retinue of indifference, with which those who are beloved, so often wound the bosom that adores them.

By enquiring of their countrymen (whom they met as they approached to the end of their voyage) concerning their relation the dean, the two Henrys learned

learned that he was well, and had for some years past been exalted to the bishoprick of * * *. This news gave them joy, while it encreased their fear of not receiving a familiar welcome.

The younger Henry, on his landing, wrote immediately to his uncle, acquainting him with his father's arrival in the most abject state of poverty: he addressed his letter to the bishop's country residence, where he knew, as it was the summer season, he would certainly be: He and his father then set off on foot, towards that residence—a palace!

The bishop's palace was not situated above fifty miles from the port where they had landed: and at a small inn about three miles from the bishop's, they proposed (as the letter to him intimated)

mated) to wait for his answer, before they intruded into his presence.

At the town where they came on shore, and as they walked on their journey, though it was somewhat solitary, that they knew no creature whom they met or saw; yet it was no small consolation, that no creature knew them.

“To be poor and ragged, father,” the younger smilingly said, “is no disgrace, no shame, thank heaven, where the object is not known.”

“True, my son,” replied Henry, “and perhaps I feel myself much happier now, unknowing and unknown to all but you, than I shall in the presence of my fortunate brother and his family: for there, confusion at my ill success through life, may give me greater pain,

pain, than even my misfortunes have inflicted."

After uttering this reflection that had preyed upon his mind, he sat down on the road side to rest his discomfited limbs, before he could proceed farther. His son reasoned with him; gave him courage; and now his hopes preponderated; till after two days' journey, on arriving at the inn where an answer from the bishop was expected, no letter, no message had been left.

"He means to renounce us." Said Henry trembling and whispering to his son.

Without disclosing to the people of the house who they were, or from whom the letter or the message they enquired for was to have come, they retired, and consulted what steps they were now to pursue.

Previously to his writing to the bishop, the younger Henry's heart, all his inclinations had swayed him towards a visit to the village in which was his uncle's former country seat—the beloved village of Anfield—but, respect and duty to him had made him check those wishes—now, they revived again—and with the image of Rebecca before his eyes, he warmly entreated his father to go with him to Anfield, at present only thirty miles distance, and from thence, write once more—then wait the will of his uncle.

The father consented to this proposal, even glad to postpone the visit to his dignified brother.

After a scanty repast, such as they had been long inured to, they quitted the inn, and took the road towards Anfield.

CHAPTER XLIV.

IT was about five in the afternoon of a summer's day, that Henry and his son left the sign of the Mermaid, and began their third day's journey: the young man's spirits elated with the prospect of the reception he should meet from Rebecca; the elder dejected, at not receiving a welcome from his brother.

The road which led to Anfield necessarily took our travellers within sight of the bishop's palace—the turrets appeared at a distance—and on the sudden turn round the corner of a large plantation, the whole magnificent structure was at once exhibited, before his

brother's astonished eyes! He was struck with the grandeur of the habitation—and, totally forgetting all the unkind, the contemptuous treatment he had ever received from its owner (like the same Henry in his earlier years) smiled with a kind of transport “that William was so great a man.”

After this first joyous sensation was over, “Let us go a little nearer, my son,” said he, “no one will see us. I hope: or if they should, you can run and conceal yourself; and not a creature will know *me*—even my brother would not know me thus altered—and I wish to take a little farther view of his fine house, and all his pleasure grounds.”

Young Henry, though impatient to be gone, would not object to his father's desire.—They walked forward between a shady grove and a purling rivulet,
snuffed

snuffed in odours from the jessamine banks, and listened to the melody of an adjoining aviary.

The allurements of the spot seemed to enchain the elder Henry, and he at length fauntered to the very avenue of the dwelling: but just as he had set his daring, yet trembling feet, upon the turf that led to the palace gates: he suddenly stopped, on hearing, as he thought, the village clock strike seven; which reminded him, that evening drew on, and it was time to go.—He listened again—when he and his son, both together said “It is the toll of the bell before some funeral.”

The signals of death, while they humble the rich, inspire the poor with pride.—The passing-bell gave Henry a momentary sense of equality, and he courageously

courageously stepped forward to the first winding of the avenue.

He darted back at the sight which presented itself!

A hearse—mourning coaches—mutes—plumed horses—with every other token of the person's importance, who was going to be committed to the earth.

Scarce had his terrified eyes been thus unexpectedly struck—when a coffin borne by six men issued from the gates, and was deposited in the waiting receptacle; while gentlemen in mourning went into the different coaches.

A standard-bearer now appeared with an escutcheon, on which the keys and mitre were displayed. Young Henry, upon this, pathetically exclaimed

“My uncle!—It is my uncle's funeral!”

Henry, his father, burst into tears.

The

The procession moved along.

The two Henrys, the only real mourners in the train, followed at a little distance—in rags, but in tears.

The elder Henry's heart was nearly bursting—he longed to clasp the dead corpse of his brother, without the dread of being spurned for his presumption.—He now could no longer remember him either as the dean, or bishop; but leaping over that whole interval of pride and arrogance, called only to his memory William, such as he knew him when they lived at home together, together walked to London, and there together, almost perished for want.

They arrived at the church—and while the coffin was placing in the dreary vault, Henry crept slowly after to the hideous spot—His reflections now took a different point.

point. "Is this possible?" he said to himself. "Is this the dean whom I ever feared? Is this the bishop of whom, within the present hour, I stood in awe? Is this William, whose every glance struck me with his superiority? Alas! my brother, and is this horrid abode the return for all your aspiring efforts? Is this the only remains of your greatness, which you exhibit to me on my return? Did you foresee an end like this, while you treated me, and many more of your youthful companions, with haughtiness and contempt? While you thought it becoming of your dignity to shun and despise us? Where is the difference now between my departed wife and you? or, if there be a difference, she, perchance has the advantage.—Ah! my poor brother, for distinction in the other world, I trust, some of your
anxious

anxious labours have been employed ; for you are now of less importance in this, than when you and I first left our native town, and hoped for nothing greater, than to be suffered to exist."

On their quitting the church, they enquired of the by-standers, particulars of the bishop's death, and heard he had been suddenly carried off by a raging fever.

Young Henry enquired "If Lady Clementina was at the palace, or Mr. Norwynne?"

"The latter is there"—he was answered by a poor woman, "but Lady Clementina has been dead these four years."

"Dead! Dead!" cried young Henry, "That worldly woman, quitted this world for ever!"

"Yes,"

“ Yes,” answered the stranger, “ she caught cold by wearing a new-fashioned dress that did not half cover her, wasted all away, and died the miserablest object you ever heard of.”

The person who gave this melancholy intelligence concluded it with a hearty laugh ; which would have surprised the two hearers, if they had not before observed—that amongst all the village crowd that attended to see this solemn show, not one afflicted countenance appeared, not one dejected look, not one watery eye. The pastor was scarcely known to his flock—it was in London his meridian lay—at the levee of ministers—at the table of peers—at the drawing-rooms of the great—and now his neglected parishioners, paid his indifference in kind.

The ceremony over, and the mourn-
* ing

ing suite departed, the spectators dispersed with smiling faces from the sad spot; while the Henrys, with heavy hearts, retraced their steps back towards the palace.—In their way, at the crossing of a stile, they met a poor labourer returning from his day's work; who, looking earnestly at the throng of persons who were leaving the churchyard, said to the elder Henry

“Pray, master, what are all them folk gathered together about? What's the matter there?”

“There has been a funeral.” Replied Henry.

“Oh zooks, what! a burying!—ay, now I see it is—and I warrant, of our old bishop—I heard he was main ill—It is he, they have been putting into the ground, is not it?”

“Yes.” Said Henry.

“Why

“Why then so much the better.”

“The better!” cried Henry.

“Yes, master—though, I should be loath to be, where he is now.”

Henry started—“He was your pastor, man.”

“Ha ha ha—I should be sorry that my master’s sheep that are feeding yonder, should have no better pastor—the fox would soon get them all.

“You surely did not know him!”

“Not much, I can’t say I did—for he was above speaking to poor folks—unless they did any mischief, and then he was sure to take notice of them.”

“I believe he meant well.” Said Henry.

“As to what he meant, God only knows—but I know what he *did*.”

“And what did he?”

“Nothing at all for the poor.”

“If

“ If any of them applied to him, no doubt ——”

“ Oh ! they knew better than all that comes to—for if they asked for any thing, he was sure to have them sent to bridewell, or the workhouse.—He used to say—“ *The workhouse was a fine place for a poor man—the food good enough, and enough of it—*” yet he kept a dainty table himself. His dogs, too, fared better than we poor. He was vastly tender and good to all his horses and dogs, I *will* say that for him : and to all brute beasts : he would not suffer them to be either starved or struck—but he had no compassion for his fellow creatures.”

“ I am sensible you do him wrong.”

“ That *he* is the best judge of by this time. He has sent many a poor man to the house of correction—and now 'tis

well, if he has not got a place there himself. Ha ha ha!"

"Did he give nothing in charity?"

"Next to nothing. A little weak broth, that runs through one's stomach like mad—a working man, master, can't live on such mess—and my wife wore out more shoe-leather going after it; and lost more time waiting at the door before his fat servants would bring it her, than the thing was worth.—However, as we should not speak ill of the dead, I say nothing against him. So good night, master."

The man was walking away when Henry called to him—"Pray can you tell me if the bishop's son, is at the palace?"

"Oh yes, you'll find master there, treading

treading in the old man's shoes, as proud as Lucifer!"

"Has he any children?"

"No, please God! There's been enough of the name—and after the son is gone, I hope we shall have no more of the breed."

"Is Mrs. Norwynne, the son's wife, at the palace?"

"What, master, did not you know what's become of her?"

"Any accident?—"

"Ha ha ha—yes. I can't help laughing—why, master, she made a mistake, and went to another man's bed—and so her husband and she were parted—and she has married the other man."

"Indeed!" cried Henry amazed.

"Ay, indeed—but if it had been my wife or yours, the bishop would have

made her do penance in a white sheet—but as it was a lady, why, it was all very well—and any one of us, that had been known to talk about it, would have been sent to bridewell straight.—But we *did* talk, notwithstanding.”

The malicious joy with which the peasant told this story, made Henry believe (more than all the complaints the man uttered) that there had been want of charity and christian deportment, in the conduct of the bishop's family. He almost wished himself back on his savage island, where brotherly love could not be less, than it appeared to be in this civilised country.

CHAPTER XLV.

AS Henry and his son, after parting from the poor labourer, approached the late bishop's palace, all the charms of its magnificence, its situation, which, but a few hours before, had captivated the elder Henry's mind, was vanished—and, from the mournful ceremony he had since been witness of, he now viewed this noble edifice, but as a heap of rubbish piled together to fascinate weak understandings ; and to make even the wise and religious man, at times, forget why he was sent into this world.

Instead of presenting themselves to

M 3

their

their nephew and cousin, they both felt an unconquerable reluctance to enter under the superb, the melancholy roof—a bank, a hedge, a tree, a hill, seemed at this juncture, a pleasanter shelter: and each felt himself happy in being a harmless wanderer on the face of the earth, rather than living in splendor, while the wants, the revilings of the hungry and the naked, were crying to heaven for vengeance.

They gave a heart-felt sigh to the vanity of the rich and the powerful; and pursued a path where they hoped to meet with virtue and happiness.

They arrived at Anfield.

Possessed by apprehensions, which his uncle's funeral had served to encrease,

young Henry, as he entered the well-known village, feared every sound he heard would convey intelligence of Rebecca's death. He saw the parsonage house at a distance, but dreaded to approach it, lest Rebecca should no longer be an inhabitant.—His father indulged him in the wish to take a short survey of the village, and rather learn by indirect means, by observation, his fate, than hear it all at once from the lips of some blunt relater.

Anfield had undergone great changes since Henry left it.—He found some cottages raised where formerly there were none; and some were no more, where he had frequently called, and held short conversations, with the poor who dwelt in them. Amongst the latter number was the house of Hannah's parents—

fallen to the ground!—He wondered to himself where that poor family had taken up their abode? Henry, in a kinder world!

He once again cast a look at the parsonage house—his inquisitive eye informed him, there, no alteration had taken place externally—but he feared what change might be within.

At length he obtained the courage to enter the church-yard in his way to it.—As he slowly and tremblingly moved along, he stopped to read here and there a grave-stone; as mild, instructive, conveyers of intelligence, to which he could attend with more resignation, than to any other reporter.

The second stone he came to, he found was erected *To the memory of*
the

the Reverend Thomas Rymer. Rebecca's father. He instantly called to mind all that poor curate's quick sensibility of wrong, towards *himself*; his unbridled rage in consequence; and smiled to think—how trivial now appeared all, for which he gave way to such excess of passion.

But, shocked at the death of one so near to her he loved, he now feared to read on; and accidentally cast his eyes from the tombs to the church. Through the window of the chancel, his sight was struck with a tall monument of large dimensions raised since his departure, and adorned with the finest sculpture. His curiosity was excited—he drew near, and he could distinguish (followed by elegant poetic praise) “*To the memory of John Lord Viscount Bendham.*”

Notwith-

Notwithstanding the solemn, melancholy, anxious bent of Henry's mind, he could not read these words, and behold this costly fabric, without indulging a momentary fit of indignant laughter.

“Are sculpture and poetry thus debased,” he cried, “to perpetuate the memory of a man, whose best advantage is to be forgotten? Whose no one action merits record, but as an example to be shunned.”

An elderly woman leaning on her stick, now passed along the lane by the side of the church.—The younger Henry accosted her, and ventured to enquire “Where the daughters of Mr. Rymer, since his death, were gone to live?”

“We live,” she returned, “in that small cottage across the clover field.”

Henry

Henry looked again, and thought he had mistaken the word *we*—for he felt assured, that he had no knowledge of the person to whom he spoke.

But she knew him, and, after a pause, cried—“ Ah ! Mr. Henry, you are welcome back. I am heartily glad to see you—and my poor sister Rebecca will go out of her wits with joy.”

“ Is Rebecca living, and will be glad to see me ? ” he eagerly asked, while tears of rapture trickled down his face. “ Father,” he continued in his ecstasy, “ we are now come home to be completely happy—and I feel as if all the years I have been away, were but a short week ; and as if all the dangers I have passed, had been light as a feather.—But is it possible,” he cried, to his kind informer, “ that you are one of Rebecca’s sisters ? ”

Well

Well might he ask ; for instead of the blooming woman of seven-and-twenty he had left her, her colour was gone, her teeth impaired, her voice broken. She was near fifty.

“ Yes, I am one of Mr. Rymer’s daughters.” She replied.

“ But which ?” Said Henry.

“ The eldest, and once called the prettiest.” She returned. “ Though now people tell me I am altered—yet I cannot say I see it myself.”

“ And are you all living ?” Henry enquired.

“ All but one : she married and died. The other three, on my father’s death, agreed to live together and knit or spin for our support. So we took that small cottage and furnished it with some of the parsonage furniture, as you shall see—and kindly welcome I am sure you will be

be to all it affords, though that is but little."

As she was saying this, she led him through the clover field towards the cottage.—His heart rebounded with joy that Rebecca was there—yet, as he walked, he shuddered at the impression which he feared, the first sight of her would make. He feared, what he imagined (till he had seen this change in her sister) he should never heed. He feared Rebecca would look no longer young. He was not yet sufficient master over all his sensual propensities, as, when the trial came, to think he could behold her look like her sister, and not give some evidence of his disappointment.

His fears were vain.—On entering the gate of their little garden, Rebecca
rushed

rushed from the house to meet them, just the same Rebecca as ever.

It was her mind, which beaming on her face, and actuating her every motion, had ever constituted all her charms; it was her mind which had gained her Henry's affection; that mind had undergone no change, and she was the self-same woman he had left her.

He was entranced with joy.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE fare which the Henrys partook at the cottage of the female Rymers, was such as the sister had described, mean, and even scanty; but this did not in the least diminish the happiness they received in meeting, for the first time since their arrival in England, human beings who were glad to see them.

At a stinted repast of milk and vegetables, a glimmering light by a little brush-wood on the hearth, they yet could feel themselves comparatively blest, while they listened to the recital of afflictions, which had befallen

fallen persons around that very neighbourhood, for whom every delicious viand had been procured to gratify the taste, every art devised to delight all the other senses.

It was by the side of this glimmering fire, that Rebecca and her sisters told the story of poor Hannah's fate; and of the thorn it had for ever planted in William's bosom—of his reported sleepless, perturbed nights; and his gloomy, or starting, and half-distracted days: when, in the fulness of remorse, he has complained—“Of a guilty conscience! Of the weariness attached to continued prosperity! The misery of wanting an object of affection!”

They told of Lord Bendham's death from the effects of intemperance; from
a mass

a mass of blood infected by high seasoned dishes, mixed with copious draughts of wine—repletion of food and liquor, not less fatal to the existence of the rich, than the want of common sustenance to the lives of the poor.

They told of Lady Bendham's ruin since her Lord's death, by gaming—They told, “that now she suffered beyond the pain of common indigence, by the cutting triumph of those, whom she had formerly despised.”

They related (what has been told before) the divorce of William; and the marriage of his wife with a libertine—The decease of Lady Clementina; occasioned by that incorrigible vanity, which even old age could not subdue.

After numerous other examples had been recited of the dangers, the evils that riches draw upon their owner; the elder Henry rose from his chair, and embracing Rebecca and his son, said,

“How much indebted are *we* to providence, my children, who, while it inflicts poverty, bestows peace of mind; and in return for the trivial grief we meet in this world, holds out to our longing hopes, the reward of the next!”

Not only resigned, but happy in their station; with hearts made cheerful rather than dejected by attentive meditation; Henry and his son planned the means of their future support, independent of their kinsman William—not only of him, but of every person and thing, but their own industry.

“While I have health and strength,”

(cried

(cried the old man, and his son's looks acquiesced in all the father said) "I will not take from any one in affluence, what only belongs to the widow, the fatherless, and the infirm; for to such alone, by christian laws—however custom may subvert them—the overplus of the rich is due."

CHAPTER XLVII.

BY forming an humble scheme for their remaining life, a scheme depending upon their *own* exertions alone; on no light promises of pretended friends, and on no sanguine hopes of certain success; but with prudent apprehension, with fortitude against disappointment, Henry, his son, and Rebecca, (now his daughter) found themselves, at the end of one year, in the enjoyment of every comfort which such distinguished minds knew how to taste.

Exempt both from patronage and from controul—healthy, alive to every fruition with which nature blesses the world;

world ; dead to all out of their power to attain, the works of art—susceptible of those passions which endear human creatures one to another, insensible to those which separate man from man—they found themselves the thankful inhabitants of a small house or hut, placed on the borders of the sea.

Each morning wakes the father and the son to cheerful labour in fishing, or the tending of a garden, the produce of which they carry with their fish to the next market town. The evening sends them back to their home in joy ; where Rebecca meets them at the door, affectionately boasts of the warm meal that is ready, and heightens the charm of conversation with her taste and judgment.

It was after a supper of roots from their little garden, poultry that Re-

becca's hand had reared, and a jug brewed by young Henry, that the following discourse took place:

“My son,” said the elder Henry, “where under the sky, shall three persons be met together, happy as we three are? It is the want of industry, or the want of reflection, which makes the poor dissatisfied. Labour gives a value to rest, which the idle can never taste; and reflection gives to the mind content, which the unthinking never can know.”

“I once,” replied the younger Henry, “considered poverty a curse—but after my thoughts became enlarged, and I had associated for years with the rich, and now mix with the poor, my opinion has undergone a total change—for I have seen, and have enjoyed, more real pleasure at work with my fellow labourers,

bourers, and in this cottage, than ever I beheld, or experienced, during my abode at my uncle's; during all my intercourse with the fashionable, and the powerful of this world."

"The worst is," said Rebecca, "the poor have not always enough."

"Who has enough?" asked her husband. "Had my uncle? No—he hoped for more—and in all his writings sacrificed his duty to his avarice. Had his son enough, when he yielded up his honour, his domestic peace, to gratify his ambition? Had Lady Bendham enough when she staked all she had, in the hope of becoming richer? Were we, my Rebecca, of discontented minds, we have now too little. But conscious, from observation and experience, that the rich are not so happy as ourselves, we rejoice in our lot."

The

The tear of joy that stole from her eye, expressed more than his words—a state of happiness.

He continued, “I remember, that when I first came a boy to England, the poor excited my compassion; but now that my judgment is matured, I pity the rich. I know that in this opulent kingdom, there are near as many persons perishing through intemperance, as starving with hunger—there are as many miserable in the lassitude of having nothing to do, as there are, bowed down to the earth with hard labour—there are more persons who draw upon themselves calamity by following their own will, than there are, who experience it by obeying the will of another. Add to this, the rich fear dying, so much, they have no comfort in living.”

“There the poor have another advantage,”

vantage," said Rebecca : " for they may defy not only death, but every loss by sea or land, for they have nothing to lose."

" Besides," added the elder Henry, " there is a certain joy, of the most gratifying kind that the human mind is capable of tasting, peculiar to the poor ; and of which the rich can but seldom experience the delight."

" What can that be ?" cried Rebecca.

" A kind word, a benevolent smile, one token of esteem from the person, whom we consider as our superior."

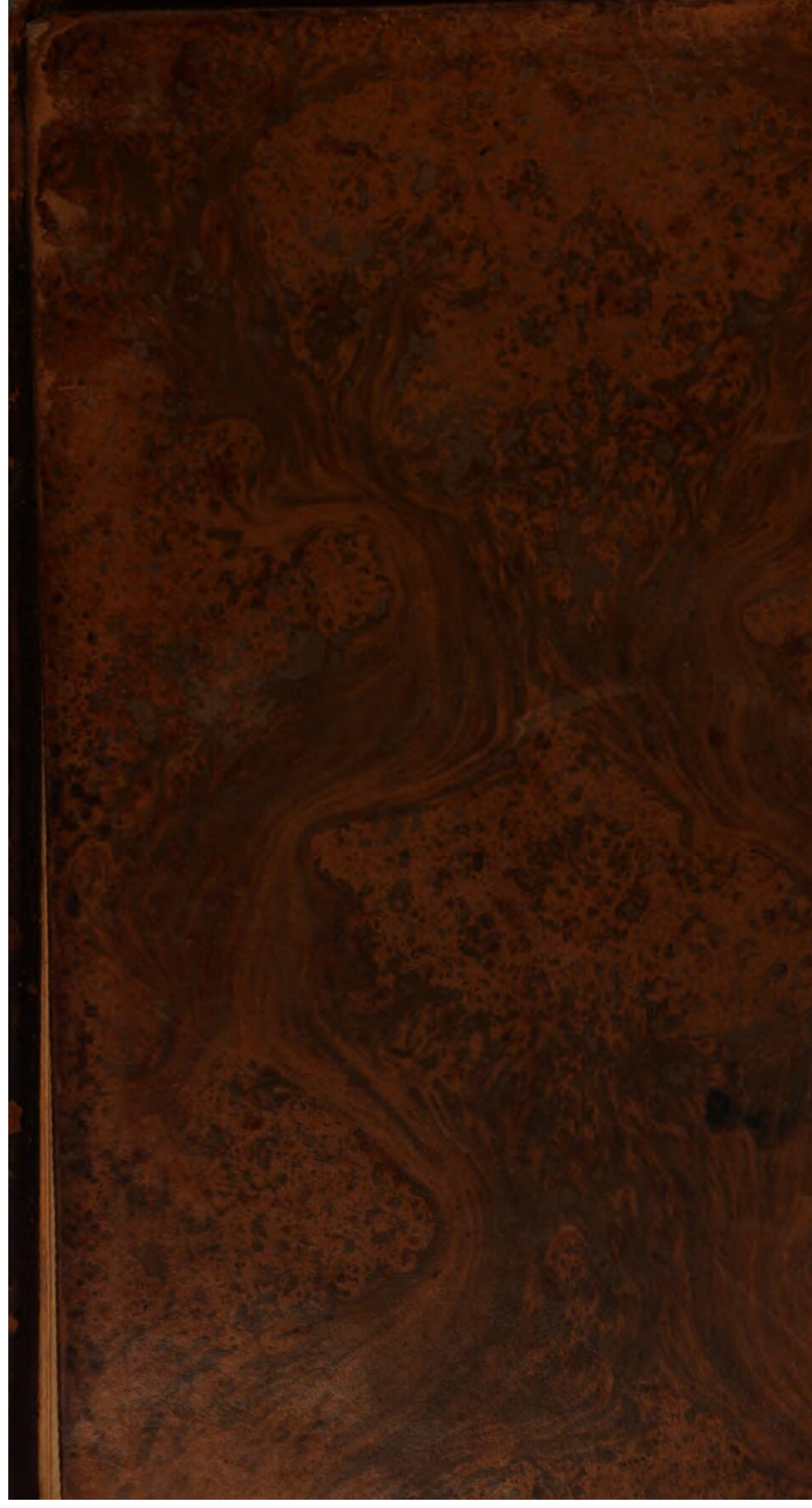
To which Rebecca replied, " And the rarity of obtaining such a token, is what encreases the honour."

" Certainly:" returned young Henry, " and yet those in poverty, ungrateful
as

as they are, murmur against that government from which they receive the blessing ; and, unlearned as they are, would attempt to alter it.—We leave to the physician the care of restoring our health, we employ the soldier in fighting our battles, and the lawyer in the defence of our fortunes, without presuming to interrupt them in their vocations—then, why not leave, and without molestation, those to govern a kingdom who have studied the science of politics? For though a physician may not always be skilful, a soldier may not always have courage, a lawyer not always honesty, or a minister always good fortune—yet, we should consider, that it is not upon earth we are to look for a state of perfection—it is only in heaven—and there, we may rest assured, that

that no practitioner in the professions I have named, will ever be admitted to disturb our eternal felicity.

THE END.



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